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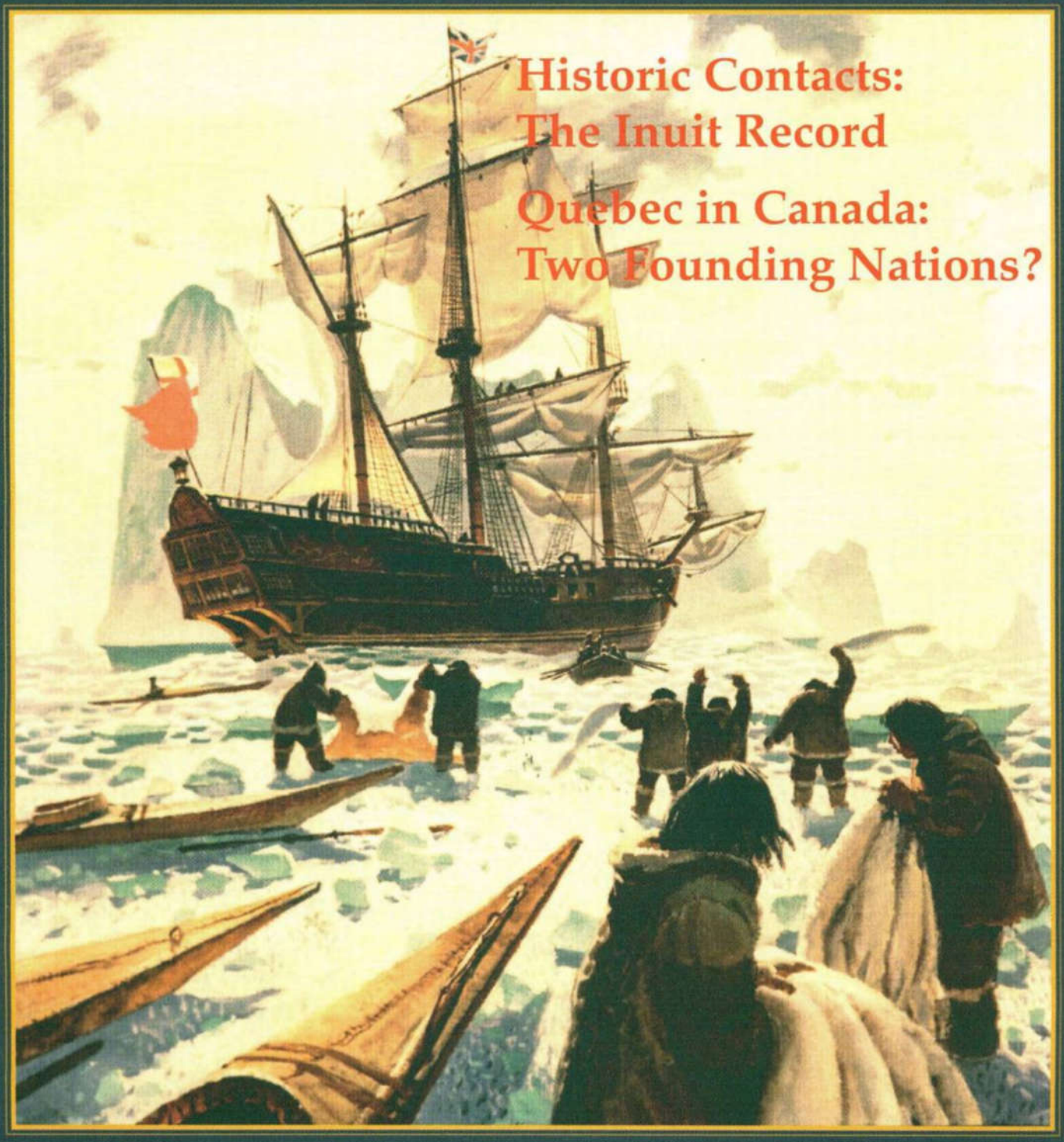
The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY



Historic Contacts: The Inuit Record

Quebec in Canada: Two Founding Nations?

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Photographie: Roderick Chen

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Painted by Franklin Arbuckle
for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Christopher Dafoe

Can History Save Us?

"...history is that impossible thing: the attempt to give an account, with incomplete knowledge, of actions themselves undertaken with incomplete knowledge. So that it teaches us no short-cuts to Salvation, no recipe to a New World, only the dogged and patient art of making do."

The British author Graham Swift, in his novel *Waterland*, offered us that austere but probably realistic assessment of the value of historical research. The study of history is, essentially, the examination of human beings and their actions. By looking at what we can discover about the past activities of human creatures we can learn something of value about ourselves, because human personality does not alter greatly over large periods of time. The soldier marching through the mud to Agincourt had much in common with the Canadian youth who saw the sun for the last time on Vimy Ridge and the woman who struggled for her family in the backwoods of pioneer Ontario has much to tell her sister who works in an office and cares for her family in suburbia today. The generations reach out and touch each other.

History, of course, is not all grim reality. There is a touch of poetry there as well, as G.M. Trevelyan reminded us when he noted "the quasi-miraculous fact that, once on this earth, once, on this familiar spot of ground, walked other men and women, as actual as we are today, thinking their own thoughts, swayed by their own passions, but now all gone, one generation vanishing into another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone, like ghosts at cockcrow".

Graham Swift's seemingly unromantic view of history may appear to be seriously at odds with George Trevelyan's glimpse of the poetry of passing time, but the two are really much closer than we may imagine. Swift reminds us that history offers no magic formula for success, no key to human happiness. He offers us, instead, something much smaller but probably far more valuable than any panacea: the knowledge that human beings, for all their weakness and for all their foolishness, can, with patience and persistence, find a way of hanging on and making the best of things in a difficult and far from perfect world. There is poetry of a very special sort in those small acts of courage and tenacity that keep a nation or a family moving along the paths of survival.

Can history save Canada? The short answer to that question is "no". History by itself cannot provide the formula for our salvation. Only living, thinking and feeling Canadians can save Canada, but in order to do so they must better understand what it is that they are attempting to save. In our quest to understand the nature of our country, history can provide valuable assistance.

The sort of information that we need cannot be easily obtained. The Heritage Minutes may touch a chord in some viewers, giving them a notion of what some Canadians have accomplished, and it would do no harm to encourage more Canadians — especially young ones — to read *The Beaver*, but with many departments of education downgrading the study of Canadian history in the higher grades the prospects for improving the national debate are scarcely promising. Thanks to our neglect, a generation of young Canadians may be evolving into Americans.

It has been noted more than once in recent years that Canadians, in their long and frequently bitter and divisive arguments about national identity and survival, display a painfully inadequate knowledge of their own history. We view our constitutional dilemma as if it all began a week ago last Thursday. We speak of the constitution and the terms of confederation without really knowing what we are talking about. Who were the people who planned this country and what sort of a nation did they have in mind? Why did they consider it necessary to create a new nationality in the northern part of North America? Why did they prefer this course to annexation by the United States? How did they hope to reconcile the various claims of the regions and interests that came together at Charlottetown and Quebec? Were they mindful of and sympathetic to the bi-lingual nature of the country or did they imagine that the French language would gradually fade away? How did the country evolve after Confederation and how should it evolve in the years to come? Is this knowledge important to our continu-

ing discussions? Can a knowledge of our past help us plan a new Canada that will satisfy the aspirations of Quebec, the West and other parts of the nation? Was there a time when a majority of French Canadians in Quebec felt comfortable with the thought of a future as a part of the greater Canadian nation? If so, when did the change come?

It is clear that to understand our present national dilemma we must understand what Confederation was intended to be and what it actually became — and how it got there. History can answer some of our questions about the past and offer suggestions about how we might proceed for the future. It cannot save the nation, but it can provide us with information essential to an intelligent discussion of the problem and its possible solution. It can lighten our darkness to some extent, which, all considered, is far preferable to stumbling about in the dark as many do now.

With this in mind, *The Beaver* is presenting a series of essays, by various hands, dealing with the problems of Confederation, then, now and for the future. It is our hope that a more perfect knowledge of our past will help illuminate our path into the future and help forestall the widely-feared breakup of the country our parents handed down to us with so much hope.

In this issue, for example, historian Ramsay Cook examines the notion of two founding nations or peoples in the light of changing views of Confederation, from the debates of the mid-nineteenth century to the present day — from John A. Macdonald, George-Étienne Cartier and Henri Bourassa to Eugene Forsey, Guy Laforest and Lucien Bouchard.

What can we learn from the past to illuminate our present dilemma? We can learn that there were many, French and English, who opposed the Confederation proposals as essentially unworkable. Some in Quebec feared a loss of French rights. Others predicted, with grim accuracy, the constitutional difficulties we have encountered in the last half of the twentieth century.

We can discover, as well, that in the first impulse toward the creation of the new nation there existed, in some quarters, a largeness of spirit that all sides in the present dispute might do well to emulate. It was John A. Macdonald, for example, who, with a warm spirit and an uncanny perspicacity remarked of the French Canadians "Treat them as a nation and they will act as a free people generally do — generously. Call them a faction and they will become factious." At a later date Macdonald would remind Canadians that all citizens "are in a position of absolute equality, having equal rights of every kind — of language, of religion, of property and of person. There is no paramount race in this country, there is no conquered race in this country..."

Some who participated in those debates of the 1860s might think that their fear of a federal union had been justified if they could read the newspapers of 1996. And what advice would Macdonald have for us if he could visit the troubled Canada of today? It is not for us to put words into his mouth, but it is not inconceivable that he would call for a generosity of spirit and an openness of mind on both sides in the search for a formula for federal renewal. Something of that lost spirit of trust and co-operation can be found in the record of the debates that preceded the union of the British North American colonies in 1867. It was not all harmony and good will, not all sweetness and light, but the will to do the right thing was there as well as the impulse to be fair. Our history alone cannot save us, but a knowledge of what we were in our best and worst moments in the past might help us to muddle through. ◆

MOTHER BRITANNIA. — "Take care, my child!"
UNCLE SAM. — "Oh! never mind, if she falls I'll catch her!"

Child Canada takes her first steps.

Rumours of Franklin:

The Strength of the Inuit Oral Tradition

By Dorothy Harley Eber

Looking down from the Otter, while flying over the easily-accessible Arctic of today, I could understand how tantalizingly attainable the Northwest Passage must have seemed to the nineteenth-century explorers.

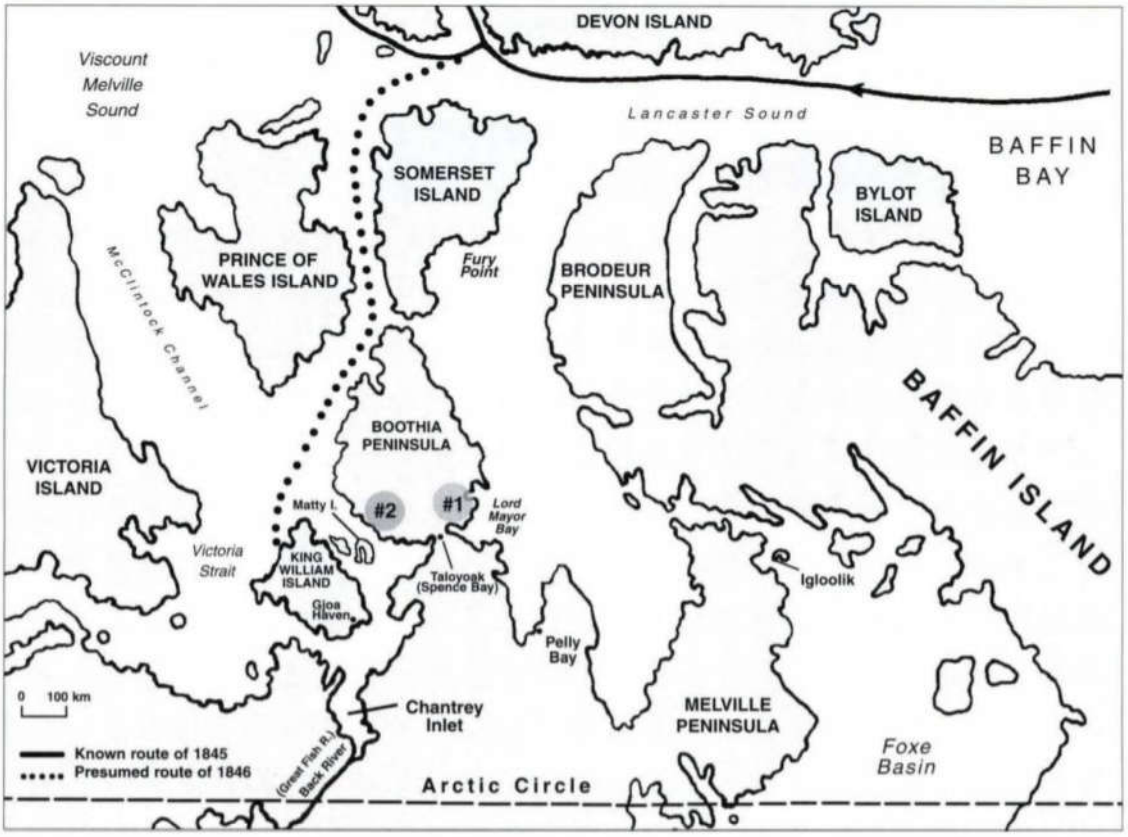
Partially, it was the memory of that gleaming water over the Canadian Arctic Coast as I flew from Coppermine to Pelly Bay to Gjoa Haven to Taloyoak (which used to be called Spence Bay), that caused me to ask one more question at the end of my interviews the next day. A contract with the Canadian Justice Department, Human Rights section, had brought me to the Arctic Coast, and my Inuit informant Lena Kingmiatook and I, with the help of our interpreter, were discussing the operation of the justice system in the Northwest Territories. I had already turned off the tape recorder when the thought occurred to me. "Tell me," I asked, "this has nothing to do with the subject, but did you ever hear stories of Franklin?"

The question also owed something to the fact that I had recently read David C. Woodman's *Unravelling the Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony*. Sir John Franklin, with a full complement of officers and men aboard the expedition vessels *Erebus* and *Terror*, sailed from England in their quest for the Northwest Passage in 1845 and were last sighted by European eyes that year in Baffin Bay. The many expeditions that went in search of them (and eventually mapped the Passage) found ample evidence of disaster, but the story of what actually happened to Franklin's men has remained unclear. Recently, new expeditions and several new books have returned to the puzzle.

Woodman in the main deals with the stories the Inuit told (often discounted) to the later searchers: most notably John Rae (1854), Sir Leopold McClintock (1859), Charles Francis Hall (1864-9), Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka (1879), and Knud Rasmussen (1923). The people living in the small Arctic Coast communities I was now visiting — they have shot up around old Hudson's Bay Company fur trading posts in the 30 years since the Inuit left their hunting camps for settlement life — are mostly descendants of the families who

Opposite page: Sir John Ross's ship "Victory" winters in Felix Harbour, Lord Mayor Bay, with all flags flying on Christmas Day, 1829. Venus shines brightly at upper left. Coloured lithograph from Ross's "Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage" published 1835.

Above: Ross's party throw down their guns as a sign of peace as they approach the Inuit of Felix Harbour, January 1830. From a colored lithograph in Ross's "Narrative". In the original watercolour by Ross (below), now in the Scott Polar Research Institute, the Inuit are lined up, rather than in a circle, which is more accurate to the Inuit version of the encounter. This elderly crippled man, also painted by Ross, was at the front of the first group of Inuit to meet Ross's party because he was considered the most expendable member of the group should the Englishmen prove violent.



Map showing part of Franklin's known route 1845, and presumed route of 1846. Interpreter Thomas Nalongiak identified area #1 on Boothia Peninsula as "the place for meeting white people" and area #2 as "the place for finding metal".

hunted and had their camps in the regions where the English explorers sought the elusive Northwest Passage, and Franklin and his men came to grief. Lena used to camp all over the Boothia Peninsula but today home is a small bungalow in Taloyoak. Outside hang rows and rows of arctic char, drying in the sun.

In answer to my admittedly leading question, our interpreter says, "That was long before Lena was born, but she has heard the stories that were passed on from one person to another." Lena and I are lucky in our interpreter. He is Thomas Nalongiak, a government-trained legal interpreter and Lena is a close relative. ("I can't find anyone in Gjoa Haven, Pelly Bay or Taloyoak who is not at least a third cousin," she says.) He is staying with Lena while visiting the dentist. Lena's stories are "about ships that didn't get to where they were going and couldn't go back," he explains. Now with his help, Lena demonstrates the strength of the Inuit oral tradition up to this day and tells her first story of an incident that happened long ago at *Kablunaqhiuvik*, "the place for meeting white people" which she heard from her late husband.

The story concerns a man called Abiluktuq who was seal hunting in the wintertime. There were quite a number of people and it was a very snowy day. Abiluktuq had a dog that was very well trained for smelling out seal holes. "Every time the dog smells something, it goes towards the smell. The dog began running and Abiluktuq was running with it and soon he starts smelling something strange that he has never smelled before. And then he saw something that looked like a mountain, not quite a mountain but so big that he compared it to a mountain, on the ice where he had never seen anything before. Abiluktuq gets closer and sees smoke coming out of the mountain and also people. This man was so scared that he started running with all his might, running away from this strange thing he had just witnessed. He was running so hard and so fast that the tail of his parka was straight out." Lena interrupts her story to say that she once saw an illustration of this incident and it matched the story exactly.

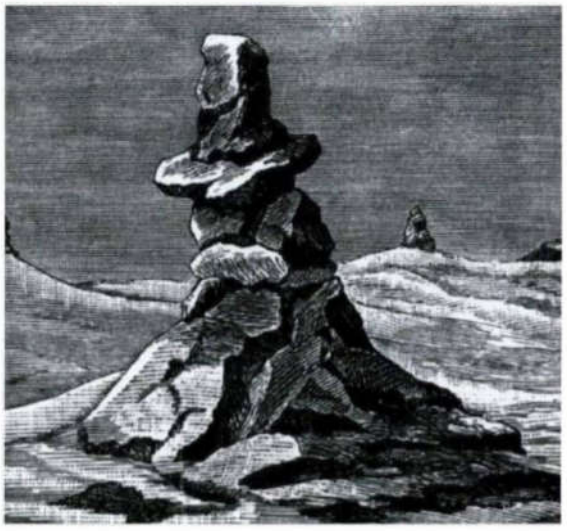
"That night everyone was quite scared not knowing what was in their hunting territory, so they all gathered in one of the igloos with quite a few of their shamans so they could try to find out who it was. *Qiqtuunnuaq* was the most powerful shaman, and when he went into a trance he told the Inuit it was the *Qadlunaaq* ("white people"), and said we don't have to be afraid of them. So the next morning it was very clear and wonderful weather and so they decided to walk over because this shaman had told them

the Qadlunaaq were not dangerous and not to be scared. They were only white people, they were not dangerous. Just in case something didn't go right they took along their long spears with blades of bone or antler. As they got closer these big people from the ship came outside and they[the Inuit] all lined up. They probably were expecting something worse so they were ready. The shaman told his people '*Maniktumiq*' ('do it smoothly, not aggressively'). The Inuit all stood together and said the same word — '*Maniktumiq*' — do it smoothly. It was sort of a prayer to a greater power, the spirit. All together they began walking gently and smoothly, not aggressively.

"When they met the Inuit the white people shook hands. The Inuit and the white people were happy and excited to meet each other and the Inuit were told to get into the ship. The white people noticed that all their weapons were made of bones and began giving them white people's weapons shaped like ulus with handles [perhaps adzes]. The people in this area had never had pieces of steel so large. But a certain man said, 'I'm not a woman. I want a saw.' He didn't have the proper tools to cut up what he was given to make a snow knife so he wanted something long and flat. He didn't want that ulu so he received nothing. He was too proud to be a man and didn't get anything."

This is the high point of the story and Lena, the interpreter and I burst out laughing. It is indeed a wonderful story but it does not relate to Franklin. Rather it describes the earlier expedition of explorer Sir John Ross, who was beset with his vessel the *Victory* through the winters of 1830, 31 and 32 at Victory Harbour in Lord Mayor Bay, on the east coast of the Boothia Peninsula facing Prince Regent Inlet. Ross met the natives in January 1830 and published his own account of the event. In 1994 in Lena's bungalow with the television in the background, I was hearing essentially the same story of how one group of Inuit met white people for the first time. "One man said: We should have war with these people" Lena continued, "But the other Inuit said: If we have war, we're not winning. As long as they're peaceful people, not violent or aggressive, let's be the way they are. We won't lose any men and they won't lose men either."

After this there was frequent contact, as Ross relates in his *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage* (1835) which is illustrated with early coloured engravings and lithographs showing Inuit life. When her children were small Lena herself had camped at Lord Mayor Bay and she says, "In that area there's a point and it's a very good seal-hunting area in the wintertime so they probably met each other quite often. And also in that area there's a small bay and near that, also very close to the bay, there's a lake with very good quality water and at the same time that lake has fish. These white people used it for getting their drinking water because the water is so clean."



Schwatka's expedition in 1879, the last to talk to actual Inuit participants in the events, found Franklin relics and human remains they buried in cairns.

But despite contact, Lena and Tommy say, Inuit have never really known what happened to these people who wintered at Lord Mayor Bay. Ross noted that the Inuit departed for different hunting grounds in 1831. Through Tommy Lena says, "The white men lived mostly by themselves — the same as the Inuit lived. We're not too sure what really happened to them. They probably starved or froze to death."

But this was not the case. In 1832, after three winters locked in the ice at Lord Mayor Bay, Ross abandoned ship. He marched his men a distance of 180 miles (not counting much backtracking to bring forward supplies) to Fury Beach on the eastern shore of Somerset Island, where in 1825 his famous predecessor in search of the Passage, Sir William Parry, then on his third voyage to the Arctic, had lost the *Fury*, one of the expedition's two vessels. Here many stores had been abandoned and cached by Parry as an aid for other mariners. Ross's crews built a wooden shelter and were rescued by whalers the following year after their fourth winter in the ice.

But though she doesn't know what actually happened to the white men, Lena apparently has heard details about their departure from Lord Mayor Bay and the fate of the *Victory*. "In that area — the place for meeting white people — it's a bigger ocean than here and when the ice breaks up there's so much current and so much wind that the ice breaks up very thick and goes very fast when it is moving. That spring the ice was kind of late and they were trying to go back or go on to where they were trying to go. All of a sudden the main part of the ice started breaking up and it all piled up against the ship.

"While it was crushing the ship those white people picked up everything they seemed to treasure, whatever

they could carry, and brought it to the shore over a smooth part as fast as they could. And in that area there was a bit of gravel, a bit of sand, and they dug down deep into the permafrost. When they reached permafrost they'd wait until it thawed out and then they'd dig some more. Then they buried their treasure."

"And does Lena think the Inuit eventually dug the treasure up?" I ask.

"At that time not too many local people really knew there were valuable things buried there," Tommy Nalongiak explains, "but from the stories she's heard she has a good idea of where it could be buried. The reason Lena really wants to find it is because she's very interested in one certain thing — a big long telescope. Maybe they don't make that certain type of telescope today and to some people it could be quite valuable. Lena's late husband was raised by old people and he was told what was in the treasure by his great-grandparents and grandparents and parents. Just before he was 'med-evaced' out to Yellowknife he told his wife if she knows of white people going to look for the treasure she should go along with them to help them. Then she'd be able to buy herself an ATV [All Terrain Vehicle] and a snowmobile."

But Lena also knows the story of a second ship and Tommy now recounts this tale. "Another group of Inuit also met the crew of this other ship and at that time these white people took an Inuk prisoner whose name was Eqilaglu. This little man was also a shaman and the reason he became a prisoner was because he didn't want his wife to be abused by these white people. He was probably trying to protect his wife. These authorities took him and tied him upside down to a mast so he would agree that these white people could do whatever they wanted to do to his wife. That's why they captured him and treated him very roughly. They had a big axe and they tried to kill him but since he was such a powerful shaman the axe would go right through him and just cut the wooden pole. No marks on him!

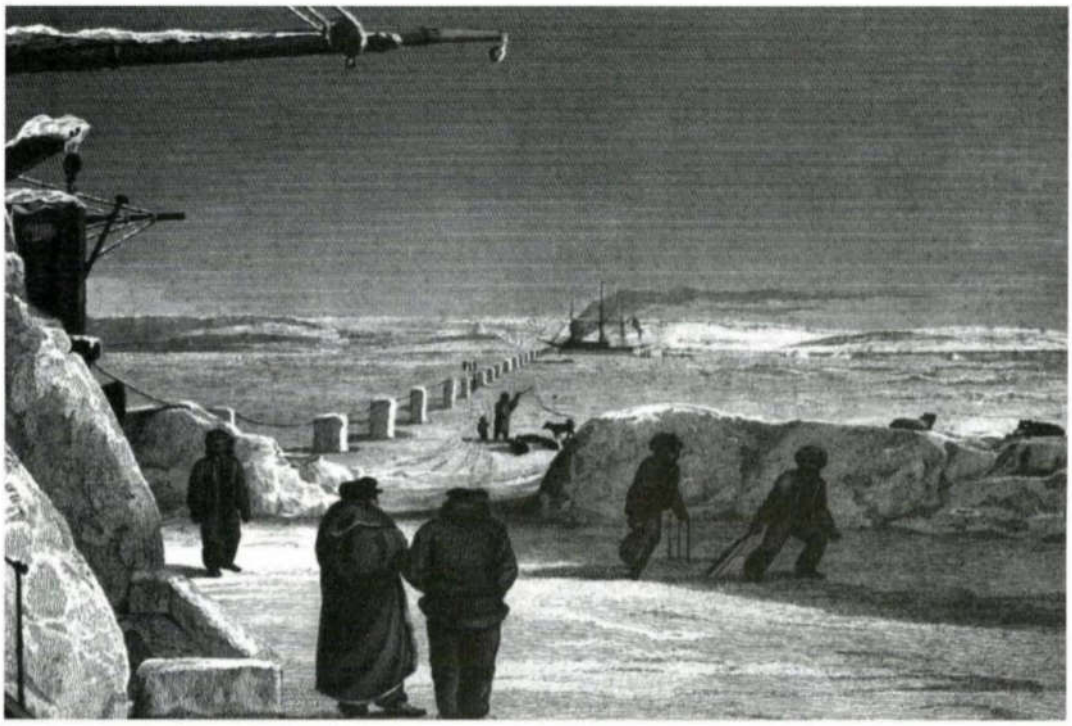
"The little man had a tent made of sealskin probably — not cotton as we have today for sure. Every time they tried to kill him, every time they swung the axe, other Inuit watching could see him walking into his tent, his spirit going to his tent. He was a shaman and a very stout little person; he didn't want his wife to be taken by these white people. He probably tried to do something that was not pleasant to these white people since they wanted to freely help themselves. At that time we didn't have the rifles or guns or weapons that the white people had. All we had were harpoons, spears and knives made of bones. So although there were some Inuit there they were not helping him. The white men tortured him, tried to kill him with an axe and hung him upside down so the blood would go up to his head and he would go crazy and be unable to use his power."

Lena and Tommy talk together and Tommy fills out the story with more intriguing information which he heard as a child from his own grandmother: "The little shaman was very helpless. He didn't want to give up his wife and also his steel snowknife, but he didn't have enough power. The other Inuit people know he is asking for help. All the shamans got together and they mumble and mumble in a low, low voice and it sounds like thunder roaring in the tent. It was a prayer to bring help to the little man. He began getting more power from the other shamans; that way he got harder and harder to kill."

Lena Kingmiatook and her granddaughter Martha, at home in Taloyoak.

Now Lena says, "Even though he was tied up, as soon as people looked away from him he'd completely disappear and walk right into his tent. Each time someone would bring him back and tie him up and try to kill him again. The ice was breaking up and they tried to get him to agree that they should take his wife along. But he wouldn't agree and the ship stayed there even though the ship could travel now. Then the captain told them: 'Now it's up to me. We leave this man alone now and give him back his wife. We cannot do anything more because we do not have his power'."

Now Lena says the white men made preparations for departure. They brought Eqilaglu back to his tent and gave him back his wife. And they began to rush, getting



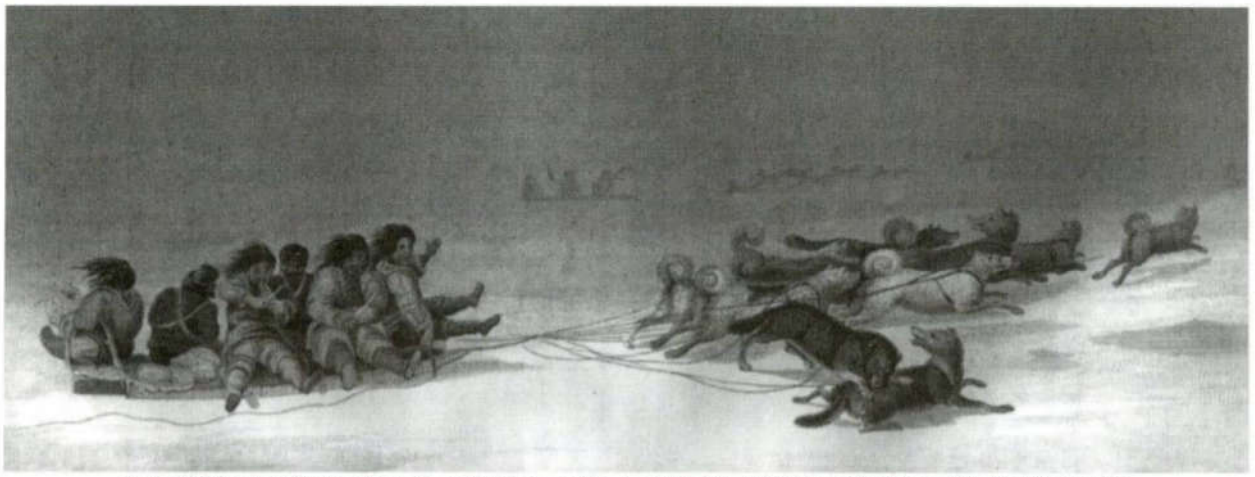
Men from Parry's ships "Fury" and "Hecla" engage in "bodily exercise" at Igloolik during the winter of 1822-23. (From Parry's "Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage" published 1824.)

ready to leave at a certain time of the day, but Lena says, "This little man said to himself: 'That ship, those white people, have treated me so badly.' Then the little man said a certain word: *Pamiuluq*!"

Tommy Nalongiak pauses and says, "That's a word I sort of understand but not quite. It's old language. Pamiuluq is a spirit with a bad tail." He continues with the story: "The little man said, 'Pamiuluq will chew up the ship.' That's what he said, looking at the ship. 'These white people treated me so badly so Pamiuluq will chew up their ship'."

Up until this point the story Lena is telling appears to be the same one that the American explorer Charles Francis Hall collected about a shaman who stole a shovel from alongside of Sir William Parry's vessel the *Fury* at Igloolik during his second 1821-23 expedition in search of the passage, and who was then flogged in the customary naval manner. In his *Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage*, Parry wrote:

> "On the 3d of March [1823], the Esquimaux were excluded from the Fury for some hours, on account of a shovel having been stolen from alongside the preceding day. Soon after this, *Oo-oo-took*, a middle-aged man, who had seldom visited the ships, was in Mr. Skeoch's cabin, when that gentleman explained to him the reason of his countrymen being refused admittance; upon this he became much agitated, trembled exceedingly, and complained of being cold. There could be no doubt that he thought Mr. Skeoch had dived into his thoughts; for hastening upon deck, he was a minute or two afterwards detected in bringing back the lost shovel from the place where he had buried it behind our wall. A day or two before this occurrence, Captain Lyon had in a manner somewhat similar recovered a knife that had been stolen from him, for which, by way of punishment, the offender was consigned to solitary confinement for some hours in the Hecla's coal-hole. As, however, the Esquimaux only laughed at this as a very good joke, and as the time was shortly coming when numerous loose stores must be exposed upon the ice near the ships, I determined to make use of the present well-authenticated instance of theft, in trying the effect of some more serious penalty. The delinquent was therefore put down into the Fury's store-room passage, and closely confined there for several hours; when having collected several of the natives on board the Fury, I ordered him to be stripped and seized up in their presence, and to receive a dozen lashes on the back with a cat-o'-nine-tails. The instant this was over, his countrymen called out very earnestly, "Timun, timunna," (That's right, that's right,) and seemed much relieved from the fright they had before been in while the fate of the thief seemed doubtful; but in three minutes after not one of them was to be found near the ships, for they hurried off to the huts as fast as their legs and sledges could carry them. This example proved just what we desired: in less than eight-and-forty hours, men, women, and children came to the ships with the same confidence as before, always abusing Oo-oo-took, pronouncing themselves and us uncommonly good people, but evidently more cautious than before of really incurring our displeasure."



Inuit of Iglooik with men from Parry's ships go off on a sled ride, 1822-23. (Also From Parry's "Journal".)

But it is unlikely that other Inuit were as pleased about this retribution as Parry appears to think they were. "Timun, timunna" sounds very much like "taima, taima" which means "enough, enough," or "finished". Woodman in *Unravelling the Franklin Mystery* points out that "by the time that Hall was told of this incident the thief had become a semi-legendary hero."

In his analysis of the Inuit testimony relating to the Franklin tragedy, Woodman makes the point that stories of Parry, Ross and Franklin and other early explorers in some instances undoubtedly got blended together. Now Lena's story, which has seemed to be an Inuit version of the incident on Parry's vessel, diverges dramatically from the Parry story and becomes a tale of disaster. Although on Parry's later 1824-5 voyage he lost the *Fury* and left her and her stores at Fury Beach on Somerset Island (where the stores were later gratefully utilized by Sir John Ross and his crew), on this particular voyage no harm came to the *Fury*; the vessel and crew returned safely to home port. Lena and Tommy tell me the Inuit learned the last part of the story "from two surviving white men. When they were getting ready to leave, the white men were all excited, they were heading back where they came from because they couldn't travel the way they wanted to go. While they were getting ready, even though the weather was so calm, pieces of wood started coming out from under the boat. Floating up. Pamiuluq, the one with the bad tail, was chewing up the boat, taking those pieces of wood out from under the water. The white people didn't notice their ship was breaking apart; the captain didn't notice either. They were excited, unusually excited, and they were cursed by the shaman not to notice. They were rushing, probably because they wanted to go while there was no ice in the area where they planned to go. After a while, when they were quite a way from shore, all of a sudden the ship broke apart. A lot of smoke, steam and smoke, came out of it. The weather was calm so even though the ship was far away you could see the smoke. We don't know if the ship had [auxiliary] engines but it probably did.

"A lot of these white people tried to swim to shore. Some of them sank into the water and drowned, and the water was so cold that some of them died of hypothermia. A few managed to swim to an island. And on that island they left quite a bit of stuff — a piece of wood from the ship and they also buried their important belongings.

"The Inuit met two survivors. We're not sure if there were other survivors but there probably were because they were able to bury their stuff. They had probably swum ashore or if they didn't swim ashore because the water was too cold, they probably got into a lifeboat — on ships there are always lifeboats. They got onto an island and that's how the Inuit learned how the ship broke apart from those two white people.

"Those two white people who survived had seen Inuit living on seal and they figured if Inuit could eat them, they would try to eat them too. When they took the skins off, the blubber was quite thick inside the skin and they used them to sleep in even though they were wet, not clean. They would put the skin on the ground and use it to wrap themselves up to keep warm. When they finally reached the Inuit they were unrecognizable; they were so dirty. At first the Inuit thought they were demons or spirits but when they realized they were not demons they started helping them. They gave them new clothing and cleaned them up.

"When the white men had been in a big party, in a big group, the Inuit had been so afraid of them but now there were only two left, the Inuit pitied them. They gave them new clothing, fed them and looked after them very well. Then the white men got back in their boat again and tried to go back to wherever they were coming from.

"And so the story ends and sadly we cannot tell any more. In those days we didn't have a way of writing but although we Inuit people didn't write stories, we memo-

rized them and told them over and over so we could pass them down. Sadly the story ends here. We would like to know more about it too."

The story raises many questions. Who were these people whose ship exploded, and who were the two survivors who were aided by the Inuit? Lena associated the shipwreck with *Haviqtaik* ("the place for finding metal"). Tommy identified this as being on the western shore of the Boothia Peninsula opposite the Matty Islands. For many years the Inuit were grateful for what they found there. "That's why Inuit people from that area had bits and pieces of metal. They used the metal for harpoon heads and spears and made small ice chisels out of them. And it was not just tin cans but good-sized metal."

Now Tommy Nalongiat begins to tell us the traditions he grew up hearing in his family. While Lena's people had their camps mostly on the Boothia Peninsula, generations of our interpreter's family and extended family had hunted on King William Island. The wrecks of Franklin's ships have never been found and it is from a note discovered in 1859 in a cairn on the west coast of King William Island that we have the last certain information on Franklin and his men. The *Erebus* and the *Terror* were abandoned 22 April 1848, after having been beset in the ice northwest of King William Island for two winters. Sir John Franklin had died 11 June 1847 and in addition nine officers and fifteen men were also dead. The expedition, now under command of Captain F.R.M. Crozier, would head south toward the mainland and the Great Fish River.

These snatches of information have occasioned endless speculation. Were the ships ever re-manned by partial crews? Many investigators believe one or both of them were. Why did Crozier's men travel south rather than follow Sir John Ross's example and head north where (in hindsight anyway) there was greater chance of rescue? These are only two of many questions.

When he was a young boy, Tommy heard stories of ships beset in the ice with their crews northwest of King William Island from his grandmother (his father's adopting mother) Agnes Aknayak Alikamick. "She was old and blind and my grandfather was deaf. He used to call her 'my little ears'. My grandmother heard the story that one ship sank off northwest of King William Island but the other ship went further northeast and disappeared. They tried to return the way they came from — not exactly the way they came, but when the ship wrecked the other ship tried to travel northeast around to the other side of the island. Whether it was Franklin's ship or the other ship I don't know. Nobody ever really knew what happened."

Tommy speculates that it is possible that the copper and steel found at Haviqtaik — the place for finding metal — which were so useful to Inuit could have come from the Franklin expedition, "because those people from the Franklin expedition went all over the place." It is well known that the waters around the Matty Islands, which are treacherous to navigate, caused Roald Amundsen to jettison much of his cargo on a small island to the north when he took the *Gjoa* through them on the first Northwest passage in 1903. But Inuit elders say that Haviqtaik pre-dates Amundsen's journey. "Right across from Haviqtaik — this beach for finding metal — there's an island where Amundsen left some stuff. But it [the wreck] happened many years before Amundsen."

Investigators of the Franklin tragedy have usually concentrated their efforts on the west coast of King William Island and the skeletons and campsites discovered there. But although it is not known why he thought so, Knud Rasmussen after his discussions with Inuit is known to have believed that the east side of the island might hold the key to the Franklin mystery. Another who believed this was the Canadian Major L.T. Burwash, who reported that he had learned from Inuit in 1929 that they had known for many years that "the wreck of a large vessel lay submerged off the northeastern extremity of Matty Island" and concluded this was either the *Erebus* or the *Terror*.

As a child, Tommy heard from his grandmother how in her own childhood she was among Inuit who uncovered a large supply depot left by white men on King William Island. "She was actually there as a child with Inuit who uncovered a cache. There were burlap and cotton bags filled with flour and sugar and perhaps something like porridge — oatmeal. These were all buried in a mound covered with part of a cotton sail buried under sand and rocks. They were northwest on King William Island when they got into something the size of a *tupik* — an Inuit tent ring — and covered with rocks and then sand — quite thick — and when they uncovered this they found cans, sacks of sugar, oatmeal — 'kind of flaky' — was the way she described it.

"They didn't know what the things were — what they were used for — so they emptied them out so they could use the burlap and cotton bags. They were all having fun laughing, seeing the flour and the sugar blowing in the air. They said, 'We have made a new kind of snow' and the children shook out the oatmeal and said, 'We have made a new kind of raindrops!' "

Tommy remarks that these Inuit opened up the cans too, but they were all corroded and they dumped the contents, which smelled bad. But the metal was precious and Tommy drew little pictures in my notebook showing how they put tiny strips of metal around the cutting edges of their ulus and weapons, fastening them on with bone rivets.

Skeletons of Franklin's crews still turn up on King William Island. In fact Tommy has found one himself. About 20 years ago he and his brother were goose hunting around Douglas Bay. "We found a skeleton with a clay pipe still there and we thought at the time it might

be one of the Franklin people. Six or seven years later we think some researchers found the same skeleton with the clay pipe and a button still under him. A few years later I went out to the area with my ATV and the skeleton was gone. Either that or I wasn't in the right place."

Tommy's grandmother had heard from her own grandparents and other elders how groups of Inuit saw members of the Franklin expedition straggling southward over King William Island. "They were all scattered," he says. "The way I heard it, some of the crews of the two ships went down the east side and some of the crews went down the west side. The ones I heard of [from family members] went through the west side. They were all scattered and some of the people were disoriented — something like that."

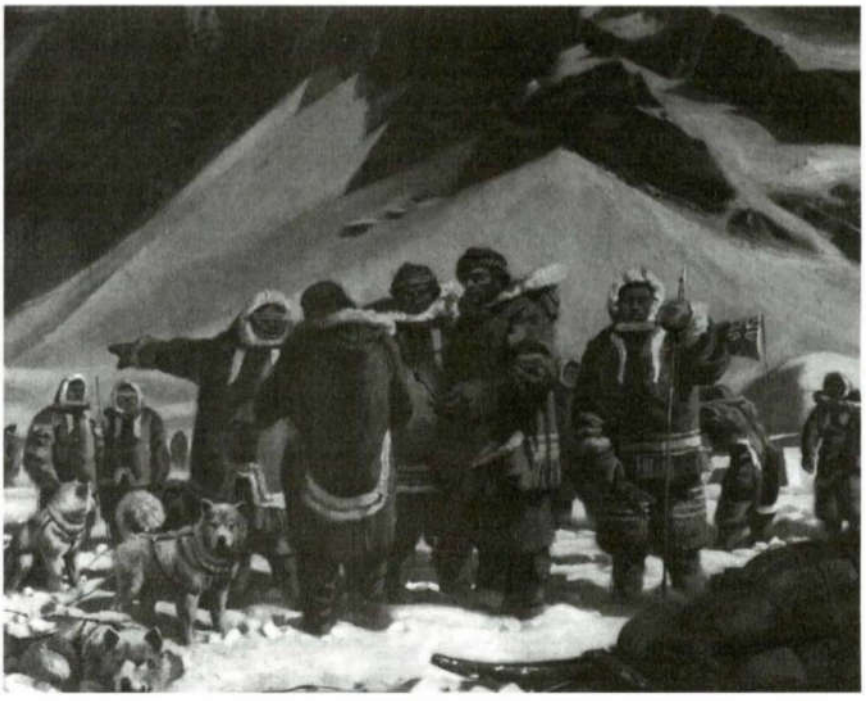
It is well known that in their final desperation some of Franklin's men resorted to cannibalism and Tommy says, "even before that they were not normal. Some of them already didn't seem to be right. Some of the Inuit would try to help some of these white people who seemed not quite right but they wouldn't want to receive help. They would grab and burst out screaming. So something didn't seem right to the Inuit, though of course we couldn't understand what they were saying."

(Later when I reached Coppermine I asked James Kavana, a fluently bilingual elder who in the past had also acted as an interpreter for the courts, if he had heard stories of Franklin's men. "Oh I've met the people of King William Island," he replied, "but tell me, are my people cannibals?" It seems possible that Inuit may long have feared they would be considered perpetrators of this aspect of the tragedy. In fact, at many of the death sites canned food was available and researchers have concluded that illness — certainly scurvy perhaps in combination with other disease — played a major part in the tragedy. In contrast, Sir John Ross's crews after four winters in the ice had the energy to row as much as 20 miles a day in pursuit of the whalers who eventually rescued them.)

A few of the Franklin men reached the territory of the people of Back River (formerly the Great Fish River) and Tommy heard some of their traditions. "I don't remember much except that the Back River people in the springtime, in March, April and May and probably also in June, would go to the Chantrey Inlet area, near the Montreal Islands, and around the area they found a big lifeboat — I heard only one boat; I'm not sure if there was one boat or two. There were no people around it. Those Back River people used anything they could to break it up. They made all kinds of holes with rocks and broke up the boat as much as they could so the white people wouldn't be able to use it to attack them. They thought the white people were planning to attack — they thought they were hiding somewhere else in the area. They were afraid of them. After a few years those boats were still there, so they started taking them apart in order to use the nails and the piece of steel on the bottom — the keel. That piece of steel they pounded up to make harpoons and spears."

These people had never seen white people Tommy says, but they had heard stories that caused them great fear. They had heard from Inuit on Baffin Island how two white people in the eastern Baffin region had killed two hunters sleeping under their kayaks. "The white people killed them without waking them up. There was one survivor who escaped. As he ran off there was a big bang but he didn't get hit. At the time they didn't know about rifles but it was a rifle. So these Inuit in the Chantrey Inlet area figured every white person was dangerous — too dangerous."

There was one more sad story. Tommy had heard it from Matthew Tiringaneak who once lived around the Back River but now lives in Gjoa Haven. "Tiranganeak



Dr. John Rae meets with Inuit with Franklin relics at Pelly Bay, 1854. From what he learned from the Inuit, Rae was the first to send to England the news of the fate of the Franklin expedition. (Painting by Charles Comfort for the Hudson's Bay Company.)

heard it from his grandfather and his grandfather heard it from his grandfather. This great-great-grandfather went hunting caribou east of Chantrey Inlet about 150 miles south of Gjoa Haven and he found a cairn. In the cairn was a lot of white and brownish coloured material wrapped in a leather pouch — that was paper for sure. There were a lot of strange markings. That's writing. They were brownish coloured papers, not dark brown but light brown. He figured they were cursed by a strange being who had left them there and he took them and destroyed every last one of them." What mysteries might have been solved by even one of those brown-coloured papers.

Before I turned off my tape recorder I asked Lena and Tommy if many people along the Arctic Coast knew the stories they had told me. "There are probably some people who know these stories," Tommy said, "but sometimes it is pretty hard to get the stories — all of them. People probably can only tell certain stories and sometimes even though they know the stories they won't tell them. Lena herself never learned these stories until she was married to her late husband. We hear portions of the stories but not the whole thing."

It amazes me, I say to Lena, that she can supply the names of the long-ago Inuit who were the leading players in her stories. Lena's husband, it seems, when telling the stories also named the white men involved but these names Lena cannot remember. "When those white people introduced themselves, they told their names. The Inuit tried to call them the way they called themselves, by the names they used. But the Inuit people at that time didn't speak English at all, so the way they pronounced them was very hard for the Inuit to understand. It's very hard to remember what you cannot say. The names she thought were similar to the proper English names but Lena heard them only once and now she's sorry but she can't tell them to us."

I say good-bye to Lena and the next day I fly on to another community. Tommy flies part of the way with me. After successful dental work he is returning home to Gjoa Haven. During the journey he tells me how even for his generation, the last born and raised, partially at least, on the land, stories had been a major entertainment. "In those days there was lots of time to tell stories; there was nothing else to do in the dark in the wintertime. No restaurants, no television, no radio. The stories were very important. We memorized them and so that way we could pass them on."

We returned briefly to the Franklin story. Students of the subject have always debated whether Franklin, who died after the first winter in the ice, was buried at sea or on land. According to Tommy's grandmother, "They buried their great white shaman on the island." But which island, its size and location, he did not know, although Inuit elders told people not to touch the grave. Tommy is always careful to point out that the word for King William Island is simply "Island" and this leads sometimes to confusion.

"Oh yes, a lot of old people in the area know the stories. Every time they're told, maybe they're a little bit different. There's a little bit added and maybe also some things not said. There are people who still don't like the stories told. My grandmother said it's best not to talk too much. The white people cursed the land; they cursed it." (The Franklin men left gunpowder in their caches and the unexpected and dangerous explosions may have fueled this belief.)

The plane circles the small community of Gjoa Haven. Flat tundra stretches as far as the eye can see; not far as the crow flies are the regions where Franklin's men died. Tommy says that for the summer his family is living three miles out of town; to get there he will take a taxi.

As I fly on my way I think what an extraordinary experience it has been to have heard from my informants in the new North of today these accounts from the nineteenth century of the British explorers and their travails. The strength of the Inuit oral tradition in the past was well recognized. What is only now being realized is that for the moment it still has authority. Susan Rowley for the Meta Incognita Project, an inter-institutional effort investigating Sir Martin Frobisher's arctic expeditions of 1576-78, recently discovered that Inuit elders in Iqaluit on Frobisher Bay still retain oral history relating to the Frobisher voyages. It would seem naive, however, to believe that the Inuit oral tradition can continue to retain this vigour in the face of the new life-style and the southern influences that flood the North today.

The Franklin story still tantalizes and investigators continue their researches. But they have yet to examine the oral traditions that living Inuit retain. For the moment, there are undoubtedly Inuit elders in the Arctic Coast communities with stories to tell that might contribute to knowledge. Some of the stories were told to Charles Francis Hall and others closer to the time of the disaster, but researchers today have advantages — ease of travel, the availability of superbly trained interpreters, and last but not least, the tape recorder. The lapse in time may also work in their favour: the sophisticated Inuit of today may be willing to supply additional details. With Inuit co-operation a well-planned study might yield significant results. Perhaps David C. Woodman, who has done much to unravel the Inuit testimony gathered in the past, can find partners among Inuit and Canadian, British and American institutions to help him complete the task. ◆

Dorothy Harley Eber of Montreal is the author of "When the Whalers Were Up North" and co-author with Inuit photographer and historian Peter Pitseolak of "People from Our Side", both published by McGill-Queen's University Press.

FOUNDING PEOPLES OR SOVEREIGN NATIONS?

RAMSAY COOK STEPS THOUGH THE LOOKING GLASS INTO CANADA'S PERPLEXING CONSTITUTIONAL PAST

"Every man has so inviolable a liberty to make words stand for what idea he pleases."
John Locke, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — nothing more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."
Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*

QUEBEC

IN CANADA

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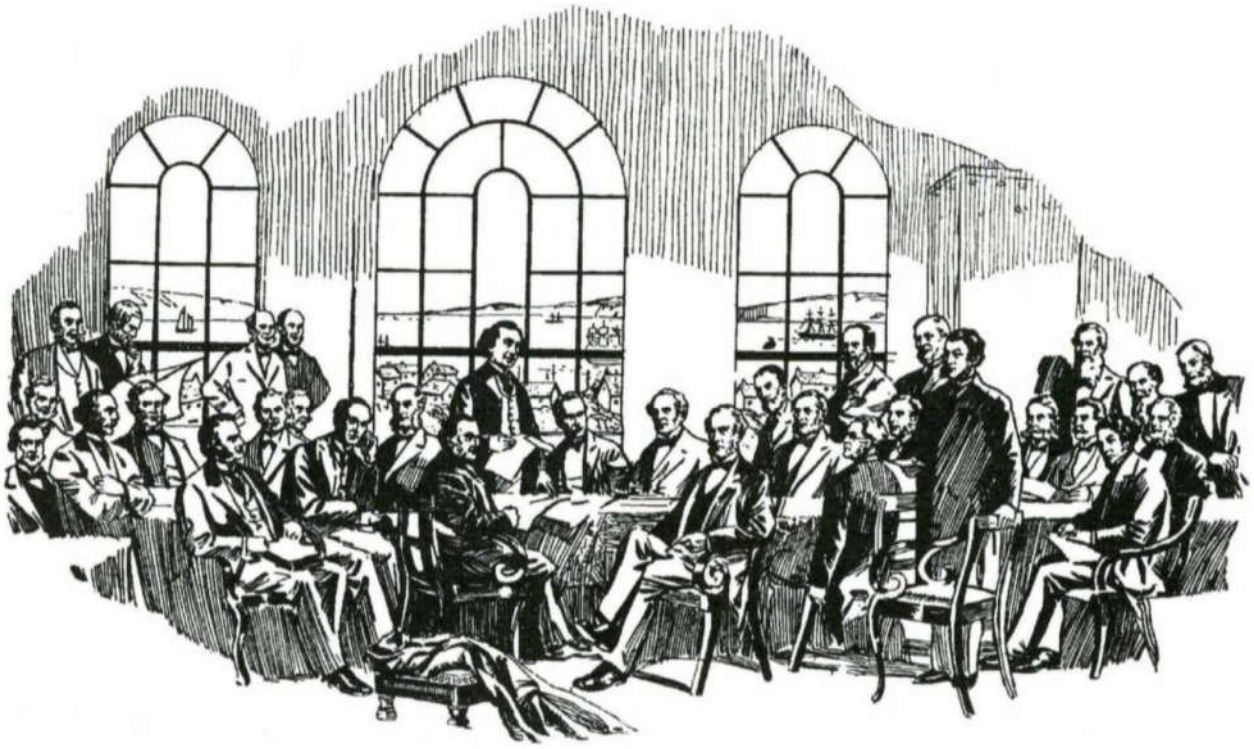
"Canada is divisible because Canada is not a real country. There are two peoples, two nations and two territories. And this one is ours."

With this declaration Lucien Bouchard began life as Premier of Quebec in late January 1996. And to what authority did he appeal? Only the authority, apparently, of the recent referendum in which a majority of French-speaking Quebecers expressed their support for a sovereign Quebec. Yet the idea that Canada is composed of two peoples or two nations is not a new one — though the idea that it is two territories certainly is. For nearly forty years we have been wondering if Canada is one nation, period, or one nation based on two "founding peoples", or one multicultural nation with two official languages. And Quebec: is it a province, a distinct society, a nation, a people? And now: is it a "territory" or a "culture"? Nor is this just a debate about words. It is about finding the appropriate words to describe social and political realities.

Since the meaning of these words — peoples, cultures, nations — keeps shifting, why not look at Canadian history to discover what they were intended to mean? But here, as so often, when French - and English-speaking Canadians step through the looking glass into our past they find different histories. Take what seems a simple question: what kind of a deal did the Fathers of Confederation make in 1867? Alas, not one, but at least two apparently contradictory answers present themselves, one English, one French, with only the occasional, usually bilingual, voice wondering if either answer is the complete story.

Most English-speaking Canadians think Canada is, and should be, one nation. Undoubtedly federal, grudgingly bilingual, uneasily multicultural, but nevertheless one nation. The late Eugene Forsey, a constitutional



scholar for whom factual accuracy was a religion, spoke for most English-speaking Canadians when he asserted in 1962 that "in the political, legal, constitutional sense, it seems to me clear beyond dispute, (*clair comme l'eau de rocher*), that Canada is one nation." As a lifelong CCFer, Forsey denounced and fled the New Democractic Party when it affirmed its belief that Canada was based on "two nations". "This is probably the only occasion in history," Forsey remarked acerbically, "when some thousands of people met to form a new national party and began by proclaiming that there was no nation to form it in." Not everyone agreed, but John Diefenbaker and, yes, Pierre Trudeau did, though not on what one nation meant.

But Forsey did not find many supporters among French-speaking Canadians — or at least for many his version did not seem quite the whole story. Just about the

Papineau

same time as Forsey was speaking, a highly respected Quebec sociologist, and a good federalist, Jean-Charles Falardeau, wrote in a book entitled *Canadian Duality* that a French Canadian regarded the British North America Act as a "pact" between each of the Canadian provinces, and, more particularly, as a pact between English and French in Canada. Going even further he considers it as a pact between Protestants and Catholics, by the terms of which all political rights granted to French-Canadian Catholics in Quebec would be automatically granted to all Catholics throughout the country. (That Falardeau identified — or rather misidentified — language with religion further reveals the complexity of Canadian "duality".)

Who was right, Forsey or Falardeau? Lester Pearson, the newly elected prime minister in 1963, had doubtless been nurtured on views like those expressed by Forsey. Yet faced with the threatening nationalism of Quebec's Quiet Revolution, he concluded that something must be done to appeal to those who accepted Falardeau's position. The result, a Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism which, among other responsibilities, was asked to propose ways of developing the Canadian confederation "on the basis of an equal partnership between the two founding *races*." "Race", which before Adolf Hitler had often been used to mean "culture", was a strange translation of the French version of the mandate, which, interestingly, read "*Le principe d'égalité entre les deux peuples*". The commission's mandate seemed to say that whatever the historical or constitutional validity of the concept of "two founding peoples", it was a promising basis for a future relationship.

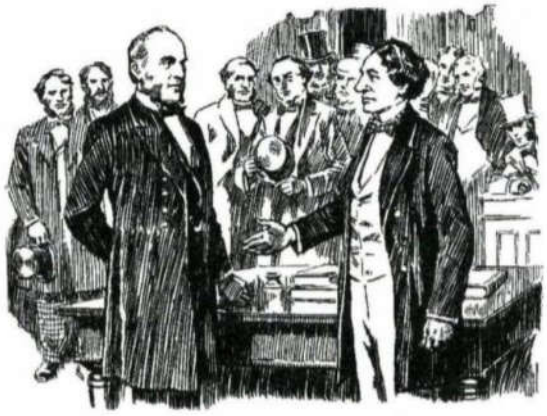
Perhaps the authors of the B & B mandate believed that in adopting the "races/*peuples*" terminology they had avoided the more explosive term "nation." "Nation", of course, was what nationalists in Quebec had taken increasingly to calling their province — though some still thought the nation included the French-speaking minorities elsewhere in Canada. But what did "nation" mean? Was it, as Eugene Forsey insisted, a "political, legal, constitutional" concept? Or was it an ethnic, sociological, cultural term, as was implied in Falardeau's idea of a "pact"? Did it mean one thing in English, another in French? To that question, the answer is categorically negative. Both French and English usages meant sovereign state, whether the French republic or the British monarchy. The ethnic/cultural sense of "nation" is German, originated in the writings of the eighteenth-century philosopher J.G. Herder and continued to this day in Germany's illiberal citizenship laws. André Laurendeau, the co-chairman of the B & B Commission, realized that "nation" had more than one definition and he knew which one he preferred. Speaking of the two different meanings — cultural and political — he told a conference at Laval University in 1962 that "For me the second sense — political and juridical — is weak and poor in human content. The first — cultural and sociological — is stronger and richer." A culture, he implied, could be a nation without forming a sovereign state — a traditional French-Canadian nationalist claim. But in the Quebec of the 1960s a new view was developing, one that insisted that a culture naturally required a state if it claimed to be

Durham

a nation. "True nationalists," the novelist Hubert Aquin replied to Laurendeau and Falardeau in 1962, "want separation and independence, not the perpetuation of a provincial or minority position."

Could Canada then be a nation of more than one culture — or bicultural? Much of Canadian history has turned on this issue, without ever settling it. Obviously,

after the Conquest in 1763 the new rulers, British and Protestant, had to reach an accommodation with their recently acquired French and Roman Catholic subjects. That accommodation came piecemeal: first Catholicism and the civil code were recognized in 1774, a representative assembly established in 1791, cabinet government in 1849, and then Confederation. Sometime in the early nineteenth century Lower Canadian political leaders



George Brown and John A. Macdonald

began to call their people a nation. Papineau, the reluctant leader of the 1837 rebellion, founded his political beliefs on the principle that "one nation must never govern another." He wanted the Canadiens to govern themselves. Lord Durham, sent out to find a new accommodation after the rebellion, found, in his famous phrase, "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." His recommendation: reduce the number of nations to one by the assimilation of the Canadiens. Both Durham and Papineau were what we now call "ethnic" nationalists who claimed that cultures and states should coincide in true nations.

Neither Papineau nor Durham had a workable policy, and their untheoretical successors — Lafontaine and Baldwin, Cartier and Macdonald — thought it better to try to find a way for two peoples-cultures-nations to coexist. As the late Donald G. Creighton pointed out, John A. Macdonald was "instinctively opposed to Durham's solution." The young politician had explained his position in a blunt letter to the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* in 1856: "The truth is that you British Lower Canadians never forget that you once were supreme — that Jean-Baptiste was your hewer of wood and drawer of water." Those days were gone and in the new circumstances Macdonald insisted that the only fruitful course was to make friends with the French Canadians. "Treat them as a nation and they will act as a free people generally do — generously. Call them a faction and they will become factious." And with startling perception he went on to refute those who believed that once the English greatly outnumbered the French the problem would pass away. "As they become feebler," this brilliant tactician predicted, "so they will become more united; from a sense of self-preservation, they will act as one man and hold the balance of power."

Was Macdonald saying: If you refuse to respect their cultural nation, they will want something more — a political nation? That is probably going too far. But Macdonald's appraisal of the conditions of co-existence before Confederation remained unchanged — English Canadians must accept French Canadians as a permanent feature of Canadian life. Indeed, he believed that Confederation embodied this acceptance. In 1890, speaking in opposition to a motion calling for the abolition of French as an official language in the North-West Territories, Prime Minister Macdonald said: "I have no accord with the desire expressed in some quarters that by any move whatever there should be an attempt made to oppress the one language or to render it inferior to the other; I believe that would be impossible if it were tried, and it would be foolish and wicked if it were possible. The statement that has been made so often that this is a conquered country is *à propos de rien*. Whether it was conquered or ceded, we have a constitution now under which all British subjects are in a position of absolute equality, having equal rights of every kind — of language, of religion, of property, and of person. There is no

Cartier

paramount race in this country, there is no conquered race in this country; we are all British subjects, and those who are not English are none the less British subjects on that account."

Here was a generous statement, one which went beyond what Macdonald was willing, or able, to act upon fully as the fate of the French language in the North-West Territories and in Manitoba in the 1890s demonstrates. But the statement bore within it the idea that Canada was a nation founded upon a frank acceptance by

English and French of the right of each culture to legal and constitutional recognition and support. Can such an interpretation be sustained by reading the documents and debates surrounding Confederation itself? Firstly, it can easily be demonstrated that none of the Fathers of Confederation nor its opponents had any doubt that in "the political, legal, and constitutional sense," Eugene Forsey was correct: the new nation was one nation. Yet the record becomes complicated if the more ambiguous idea of cultural nation is examined. There is certainly no suggestion in the debates of "two founding peoples", "races", or "nations" — indeed, the French-Canadian critics rejected Confederation because of its failure to recognize that French Canadians were already a "nation". Macdonald, the scheme's principal proponent, spent little time on matters of language or culture; he preferred to concentrate on the primacy of the central government in the new federation. He left it to others to expatiate on the nature of "the new nationality" that would flourish once the union was established. No one, except perhaps D'Arcy McGee, did so more fulsomely than George-Étienne Cartier, the leading French-speaking sponsor of Confederation. To his critics, who had objected to the idea of a "new nationality" as a threat to French-speaking people, Cartier replied forthrightly. Yes, he said, a "new nationality" was the goal but that did not mean "unity of the races", which he dismissed as "utopian". There would be one nation, one allegiance which entailed both unity and diversity. "Now when we are united together, if union were attained," Cartier explained, "we would form a political nationality with which neither the national origin, nor the religion of any individual would interfere. ...In our federation we should have Catholic and Protestant, English, French, Irish, and Scotch, and each by his efforts and his success would increase the prosperity and glory of the new Confederacy." Beyond such generalities, Cartier was able to point to the constitutional recognition, for the first time since the Conquest, of French as an official language along with English in Quebec and in the Parliament of Canada and the institutions created by it. And, perhaps even more significantly, French-Canadians in Quebec were given a provincial government in control of those matters which were judged essential to the defence of the French-Canadian culture. As one of Cartier's journalistic allies put it: "As a distinct and separate nationality we form a state within a state. We enjoy the full exercise of our rights and the formal recognition of our national independence." That claim was, of course, exaggerated as political language often is. But it does emphasize the fact that Confederation, for French Canadians, contained guarantees that their culture was protected — at least in Quebec. "Treat them as a nation," Macdonald had said. He and Cartier doubtless thought that Confederation did just that, though as practical men they were content to avoid mouth-filling declarations of principle and to leave the future to unfold in the hands of others.

D'Arcy McGee

That proved to be short-sighted. In the 1880s and 1890s, years of economic depression and rising cultural tension, French language and Roman Catholic education rights came under severe attack in Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories. Against that background Henri Bourassa, who saw no contradiction between being a Canadian and a French-Canadian nationalist, fathered the concept of two founding peoples. Bourassa, the grandson of Louis-Joseph Papineau, entered federal politics as Wilfrid Laurier's protégé in 1896. Yet, instead of fulfilling Laurier's hope that he would become a leading Quebec Liberal, Bourassa crossed swords with his leader over Canadian participation in the Boer War in 1899 and thereafter went his own way. His temperament and intellectual independence certainly suited him better for journalism than politics, and in 1910 he found his platform with the establishment of *Le Devoir*. A brilliant writer and stirring orator, he quickly made himself the spokesman for a brand of Canadianism that demanded full autonomy for Canada in the British Empire, respect for the autonomy of the provinces in Confederation, and "a Canadian nation made up of French and English Canadians, that is, elements separated by their language and religion as well as by the legal arrangements necessary for the preservation of their respective traditions, but united by brotherly affection and a common love of a common homeland." That, he believed, was the nation founded, or at least aspired to, in 1867. Its full realization required the extension from coast to coast of language and school rights similar to those found in Quebec, where bilingualism and a dual school system existed. Yet Bourassa knew that a strict reading of the constitution revealed no provisions affirming his vision of a country based on cultural duality, no specific provisions guaranteeing equality of language and educational rights from

sea to sea. To defend his beliefs, Bourassa argued that Confederation was more than just the British North America Act; underlying it was a pact, an agreement, an understanding, based on morality and "a deep knowledge of British and Canadian history." That history, going back to the Conquest, the Quebec Act, the repeal of the provision in the 1841 Act of Union that denied French an official status, and the Confederation *Debates* themselves all proved that Canada was based on the acceptance of cultural duality. Had not Macdonald himself stated as much in his famous speech in 1890? The pact had not been implemented, Bourassa complained in 1916 after French language educational rights had been whittled down in Ontario. "In the minds of the Fathers of Confederation," he wrote, "the federal pact and the constitution which defines the terms of its approval were to end religious and racial conflict, and to assure all, Catholics and Protestants, French and English, complete equality of rights throughout the whole of the Canadian Confederation. The Manitoba Act, passed by the Imperial parliament in 1870, and the North-West Territories Act, passed by the Ottawa government in 1875, bear the fleeting imprint of the same intelligent and generous thought. Those were our last victories."

"In the minds of the Fathers of Confederation, the federal pact and the constitution which defines the terms of its approval were to end religious and racial conflict, and to assure to all, Catholics and Protestants, French and English, complete equality of rights throughout the whole of the Canadian Confederation."

— Henri Bourassa, 1916

Those may have been the last victories, but Bourassa's interpretation of the intent of the Fathers of Confederation won an intellectual victory, at least in Quebec. In various forms it became the standard orthodoxy. Certainly most Quebec Liberals, though they were rarely aggressive about it, accepted Ernest Lapointe's 1916 restatement of the theory. Lapointe claimed that "it has long been the settled policy of Great Britain whenever a country passed under the sovereignty of the Crown by treaty or otherwise, to respect the religion, usages, and language of the inhabitants who thus become British subjects." Had not John A. said so in 1890? But even those English Canadians who accepted that proposition usually refused to believe that those rights — especially language rights — extended beyond Quebec. As Bourassa observed sardonically, English Canadians treated French Canadians "*comme les sauvages*": only by staying on the Quebec "reserve" could they expect to enjoy their treaty rights!

Still, the doctrine of two founding peoples — *le principe d'égalité entre les deux peuples* — persisted, and persists. In what turned out to be the first shot in the constitutional battle which has dominated so much of the last four decades, the final report of a Quebec Royal Commission on the constitution (the *Tremblay Report*) asserted in 1958 that "anyone who searches for the true nature and sense of the 1867 union cannot overlook the existence of this prior agreement between the two principal races or national groups; an agreement which aimed at giving each of them official status in Confederation, along with equality of treatment." The proof: Macdonald's 1890 speech and the argument that without such an agreement, a "prior agreement" not written into the BNA Act, French Canadians would never have approved the new union.

Why does this idea of "two founding peoples", an idea with only ambiguous historical support, no constitutional affirmation, and, it seems, little political power, retain its appeal? Anyone who doubts that it does need only read the polemical work of the young Laval political scientist, Guy Laforest, entitled *Trudeau and the End of a Canadian Dream*. His case against the former prime minister is that he, a French Canadian, finally with his Canadian Charter of Rights and the 1982 constitution

Henri Bourassa

destroyed the only basis upon which Canada could hope for a continued existence, namely, the idea of two founding nations. The appeal of the idea is simple, its application flexible. Two founding peoples/nations means, in the words of the Parti Quebecois' referendum manifesto in 1980, *d'égal à égal*: one to one, or "two majorities", rather than majorities and minorities, one province among ten. Founders are equals. Outside Quebec founders deserve equality of language and educational rights. Quebec itself, whose expanding definition of "culture" has exploded the bounds of the 1867 constitution, requires greater recognition as the national state of French Canadians — or, rather, of Quebecers. Pierre Trudeau, following Henri Bourassa in practice if not in theory, hoped to win recognition of that equality throughout Canada. In Quebec his nationalist critics declared the "minorities" to be "dead ducks" and demanded that Quebec be recognized as "special", "particular", "distinct", "an associate state", "independent", "sovereign". "The nation," Fernand Dumont, a leading Quebec nationalist thinker, recently wrote, "cannot survive and develop without the support of the state."

In this formulation the concept of "two founding peoples" takes on a new, more radical meaning. In Bourassa's version French - and English-speaking Canadians, as cultural groups, were partners in a cultural compact: two cultural nations in a single political state. That historical pact, and English Canada's failure to observe it, justified the claim for a bicultural Canada. Since the 1960s Quebec nationalists have altered the names of the signatories — or at least of one of them — and the terms of the pact. The *Allaire Report* of the Quebec Liberal party used the old idea a new way in 1991: "In Quebec Confederation has always been perceived as a solemn pact between two nations, a pact that could not be changed without the consent of the two parties." One of those nations was now Quebec, not French Canada, the province that refused to ratify the 1982 constitution. The other was a newly created abstraction: "ROC"— the Rest of Canada. The pact was not between cultures but rather between "nations", one of which was the political-constitutional-territorial entity called Quebec. Radically different as these changed terms appear, they share a common element. Each used the claim of an historical pact, broken in the present by the other partner, to justify a desired future: for Bourassa, a bicultural Canada; for Guy Laforest or Lucien Bouchard, a sovereign Quebec in a loose economic and political association with the ROC. Nationalists, to paraphrase a famous historian, imagine the past and remember the future!

That the concept of two founding peoples/nations has more to do with the future than the past, explains its potency. And it is that potency, rather than historical accuracy, which needs to be recognized. On 30 October, 1995, a majority of French-speaking Quebecers expressed their conviction that if minorities can never be equal to majorities within Canada, then they would rather become a majority in a sovereign Quebec. Two founding peoples or two separate nations? In a constitutional arrangement yet to be imagined, those remain the choices. ◆

Ramsay Cook is Professor of History at York University and General Editor of the "Dictionary of Canadian Biography".

In the next article in this series, historian P.B. Waite will examine Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his vision of Canada. P.B. Waite is the author of many works including *The Life and Times of Confederation, 1864-1867*, published in 1962. He is Professor Emeritus of History, Dalhousie University, Halifax.

Forgotten Heroes

Canada's Athletes at the Olympics

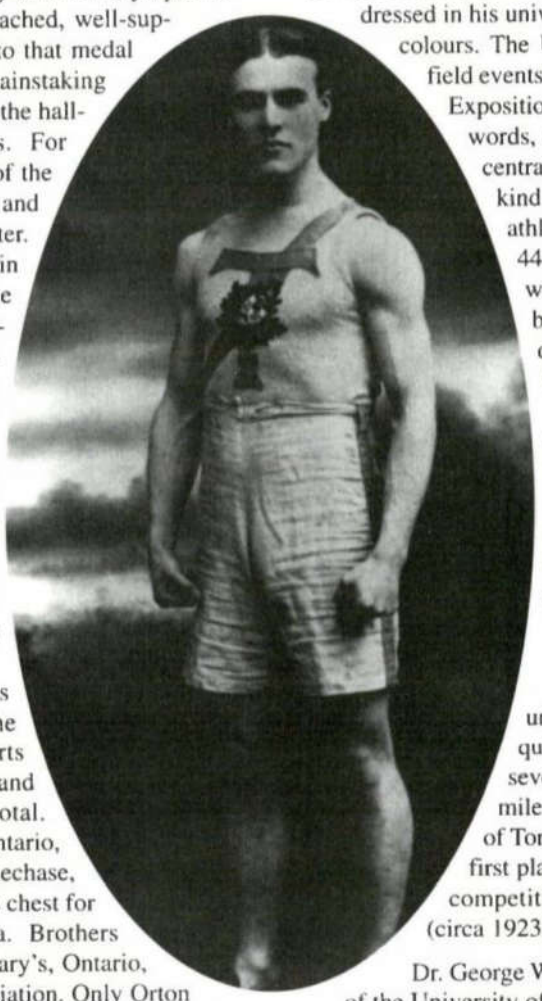
BY GLYNN A. LEYSHON

In the past century Canada's athletes in Olympic competition have garnered 61 gold medals. This year's Canadian team at the centenary summer Olympics in Atlanta, Georgia, will be well-coached, well-supported and well-prepared to add to that medal total. But organization and painstaking preparation have not always been the hallmark of Canadian contingents. For approximately the first 50 years of the Olympics, things were largely hit and miss, with the emphasis on the latter.

Our first athletes to appear in Olympic competition did so in the 1900 Games in Paris. They competed under conditions quite different from those of today. They raised their own funds to cover their costs; stayed not in athletes' villages, but in hotels of their choosing; and they devised their own uniforms. These were usually in the colours of their local club; a shamrock or a green maple leaf on the chest being early favourites.

In 1900, at least three athletes from Canada competed in the Olympics and had their efforts recorded for American clubs and credited to the U.S. medal total. George Orton of Strathroy, Ontario, who won the 2500 metre steeplechase, ran in a shirt with a big "P" on his chest for the University of Pennsylvania. Brothers Dick and Alex Grant from St. Mary's, Ontario, ran for the Boston Athletic Association. Only Orton managed a medal, two, in fact, and it is a matter of dispute that they were credited to the U.S.A. (although currently Kamper's *Lexikon der 14,000 Olympioniken* does list Orton as being Canadian).

Orton graduated from the University of Toronto in 1893 and later from the University of Pennsylvania with a doctorate in 1896. As an outstanding track star at Penn, Orton was named to compete in the Olympics, presumably because no one knew or cared that he was Canadian. At the Games, Orton, as was conventional at the time, dressed in his university colours rather than national colours. The U.S. domination of the track and field events was overwhelming in these "Paris Exposition Games" (the Games, in other words, were incidental amusement to the central attraction, the Exposition — a kind of world's fair). The American athletes won 18 of 24 gold medals and 44 of 72 in total. Orton's gold medal was one of these, and he also won a bronze medal in the 400-metre hurdles. Both were credited to the U.S.A.

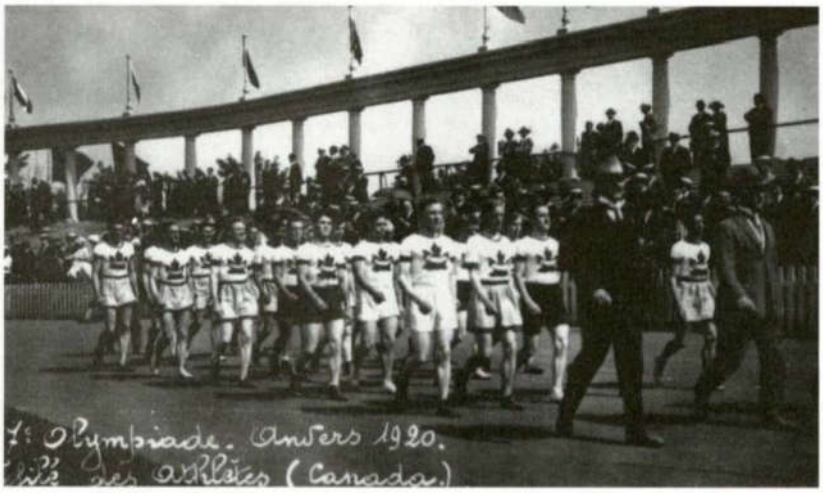


Cal Bricker, circa 1908. (Photo courtesy of Cal Bricker, Jr.)

In 1893, George Washington Orton had arrived at the University of Pennsylvania as an accomplished athlete. Only the year before he had won the Canadian mile title and set a record in the process which stood until 1934. He also competed in the quarter- and half-mile events and had several times won the intercollegiate mile while a student at the University of Toronto. He, in fact, had amassed 121 first places by 1900. After he retired from competition, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (circa 1923) had this to say of him:

Dr. George W. Orton who ran under the colours of the University of Pennsylvania, won more national championships than any other American athlete. He broke into amateur competitive athletics during the careers of Edward C. Carter, Tommy Coniff, and Willie Day, a trio of remarkable distance runners. Orton competed from 1892 to 1903. During that time he won the one mile American championship six times; cross country American championship twice;

the two mile steeplechase eight times and ten mile American championship once. In addition he won the intercollegiate championship twice, the English championship in 1898, the European 1500 metre and one mile championships, and the two mile steeplechase in Paris in 1900. He stands as the premier American athlete of all times having seven championships to his credit.



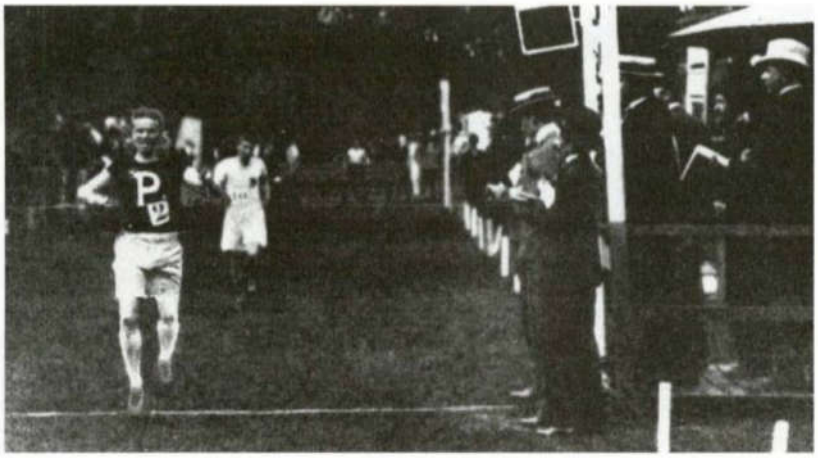
The Canadian team marches in, Antwerp, 1920. Earl Thomson is the last man on the left. From the author's collection.

All this praise coming, remember, for a Canadian and without a single reference to his many Canadian victories and records. When Orton won his Olympic gold medal in the 2500 metre steeplechase (a distance no longer contested) and his Olympic bronze medal in the 400 metre hurdles, he was an accomplished athlete who had received much of his training in Canada. Many experts, in fact, would argue that Orton's stint in the U.S. was merely fine tuning of a wonderful running machine. There is no doubt, however, that the University of Pennsylvania provided an accommodating atmosphere for athletics. One need only look at the clubs listed as participants in the 1900 Olympics to see the role Penn played. Of the seventeen gold medals awarded in track and field, nine went to those with the big "P" on their breasts. For a single club team to win more than half of the first places would be unheard of today. Penn was certainly a hotbed of athletics and George Orton flourished there — a maple leaf in American sunshine. He was Canada's first Olympic medallist and a double one at that.

The 1908 Games in London saw the international debut of Dr. Cal Bricker who set a record of sorts for Canadians, not in any odd way, but as a straight-ahead, damn-the-torpedoes type. The young athlete from Listowel, Ontario, was entered in two jumping events, the long jump and the triple jump — known in that age as the broad jump and hop-step-and-jump. Like Orton before him, Bricker honed his talents at the University of Toronto where he studied dentistry. (He later practised his profession in Grenfell, Saskatchewan.) His first international experience was in the Olympics in London where he jumped 7.085 metres (23' 3") to place third. He was fourth in the triple jump, an extremely good showing.

Bricker returned to Canada enthused enough to continue training, and he made the 1912 team as a long jumper once again. In this Olympics in Stockholm he improved his distance to 7.21 metres (23' 7 ¾") only to be nosed out by the winner, Gutterson of the United States, with a leap of 7.60 metres. With a bronze medal in the long jump in 1908 and a silver in 1912, Bricker stands out as the only Canadian, male or female, to ever win an Olympic medal in the event and he did it twice.

After retiring from competition, Bricker did not disappear from the sports scene altogether. He enlisted in the army in the First World War and served overseas. At the end of hostilities a giant, inter-allied track meet was held in Paris to celebrate the peace. It took place in a stadium built by the Americans. Bricker, because of his reputation, was selected as coach of the Canadian team.



George W. Orton wins the steeplechase at the Paris Olympics, 1900. University of Pennsylvania Archives.

Since the teams were to perform a march-past in the opening ceremonies, Coach Bricker decided that a distinctive Canadian flag was in order. The other countries of the empire would take their places behind the Union Jack, but Bricker decided that rather than the Red Ensign or the Jack his team would show they were truly from Canada. He com-

missioned a distinctive Canadian emblem — a green Maple Leaf on a white background. It was, of course, without official sanction and when it appeared rounding onto the stadium track the throat clearing on the VIP dais was enough to drown the band. It was too late at this point to stop him although he ultimately received a slap on the wrist for his defiance of convention. The flag was an unusual choice of design that portended things to come.

Albert "Happy" Schneider was another gold medallist whose accomplishments were credited to the wrong country. In this case Canada benefitted. Schneider was born in Cleveland and his parents moved to Montreal when he was an infant. He took up boxing and became so successful that in 1920 he won the Dominion title as a welterweight and then the Olympic trials. This put him into the Antwerp Games. The fact that he was still an American citizen was completely overlooked.

The rules for boxing were still in the developmental stage at these 1920 Games. The referee, for example, patrolled the apron of the ring outside the ropes. Each country was allowed to have two entries in each weight category plus a reserve. Under the rules, it would be possible for two countrymen to meet in the final. And as fate would have it, Schneider did, indeed, meet a countryman — American Fred Colberg — in the preliminaries.

Schneider fought three preliminary matches and then a final bout in a country-confusing contest in which he, an American, represented Canada in a match against Alex Ireland of England. His final battle with Ireland was a tight contest and the British athlete had the better of the early rounds, but "Happy" thundered a salvo of punches in the late stages to put the decision into question.

The judges decided it was a draw and that a fourth round would be required of the exhausted boxers in order to decide a winner. In the overtime period Schneider chased the light-punching Briton around the ring, nearly flooring him on occasion, and won the bout and the gold medal. This one was chalked up for the Maple Leaf. This kind of evened the score regarding which country had received the glory for gold medals awarded to non-citizens.

Thomson, centre, at service meet, 1917.

In those same 1920 Games in Antwerp, Earl Thomson set a world and Olympic record in the 110 metre hurdles. He, too, represented Canada, but his circumstances were slightly different again. Thomson was born in Birch

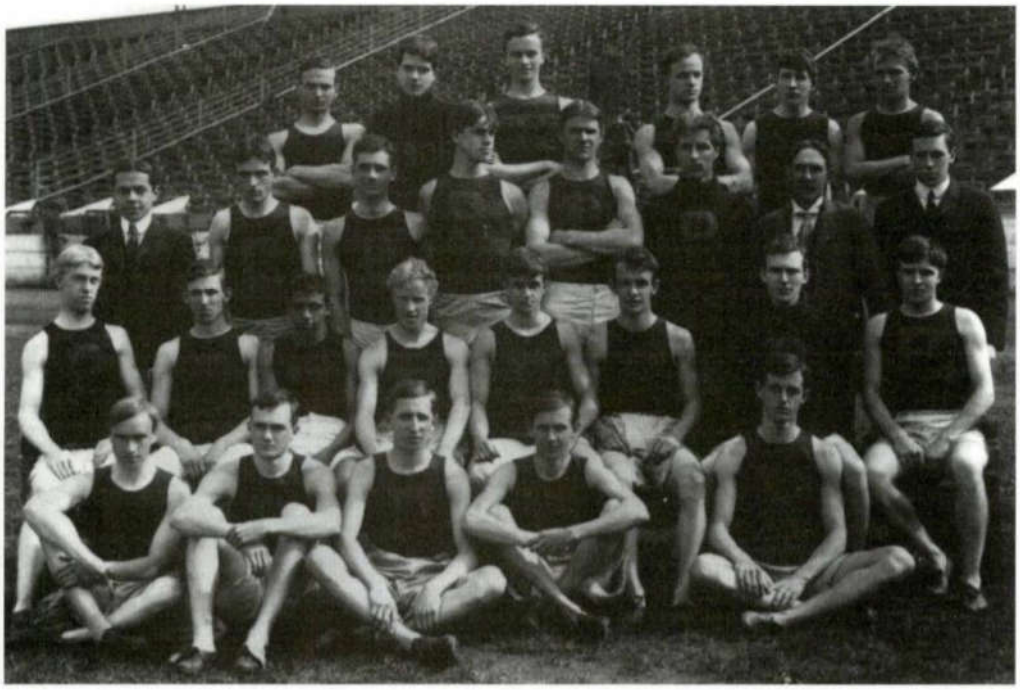
Albert "Happy" Schneider.

Hills, Saskatchewan, and moved with his family to California at age eight because a doctor had prescribed a change in climate for his ailing mother. Thomson's father always held the wish of returning to Canada and as a result never took out U.S. citizenship.

Thomson nearly died of an accidental gunshot wound as a youth, but recovered to become an outstanding athlete and by 1920 was U.S. national champion in the 120 yard hurdles. Because, unlike "Happy" Schneider, Thomson knew of the citizenship requirement for participation in the Olympics, he understood he was not eligible to represent the United States. When an invitation came to compete in the Canadian Olympic trials, he responded with enthusiasm.

Thomson was not unknown in Canada. While serving in the Royal Flying Corps he had astounded all with his skill as an athlete during service track meets. In one such contest in Bowmanville, Ontario, he was a one-man team, winning five firsts and a second place. It was no surprise then, when he easily won the trials in Montreal.

In Antwerp, Thomson marched in the opening parade behind flag-bearer Archie McDiarmid. What is the matter with this picture? McDiarmid carried only a bare pole. No one had thought to provide a flag! This oversight and a later one did not, however, affect Thomson. In the semi-



Canadian among the Pennsylvanians, 1902: George Orton, fourth from left, second row. (University of Pennsylvania Archives.) Below: Cal Bricker, Stockholm, 1912. (Courtesy of Cal Bricker, Jr.)

final, he equalled the Olympic record of 15 seconds and in the final with his flowing, easy style finished two metres in front of his nearest rival, an American, to win the hurdle event in a world record time of 14.8 seconds.

The officials at the award ceremony were no better prepared than they were at the opening ceremonies. Once again, there was no flag. In a panic, the organizers rounded up a Union Jack and ran it up the pole. There is no indication of what anthem was then played, but in all likelihood it was "God Save the Queen". American-trained, but Canadian-born Earl Thomson performed well for his native country. In comparing Thomson's situation with that of Orton one is struck by the fact that while Orton grew and developed in Canada, Thomson, in all likelihood would never have reached the international stage had he stayed in Birch Hills, Saskatchewan.

Yes, the early years of Olympic competition were hit and miss from a number of standpoints. The rules of wrestling, for example, were not codified and published until 1950. Up to that time the host country arbitrarily decided what the rules would be after the teams arrived. Such a state of affairs, as with the citizenship issue, was fated to disappear and things Olympian became more predictable. There are scandals to be sure (Ben Johnson being a case in point), but preparation, organization and technique are scientifically determined now, and the likelihood of citizenship being in question or of special flags being flown etc. are not possible any longer. To some, though, that control has rendered things antiseptic. For them a bit of the flavour has gone; the amateur, playful aspect has been lost in the process. The bravado of flying a personal flag has been replaced by the deadly serious, highly-charged atmosphere of today's competition. The Olympics have had 100 years of development but perhaps the childhood years were the best ones. ◆

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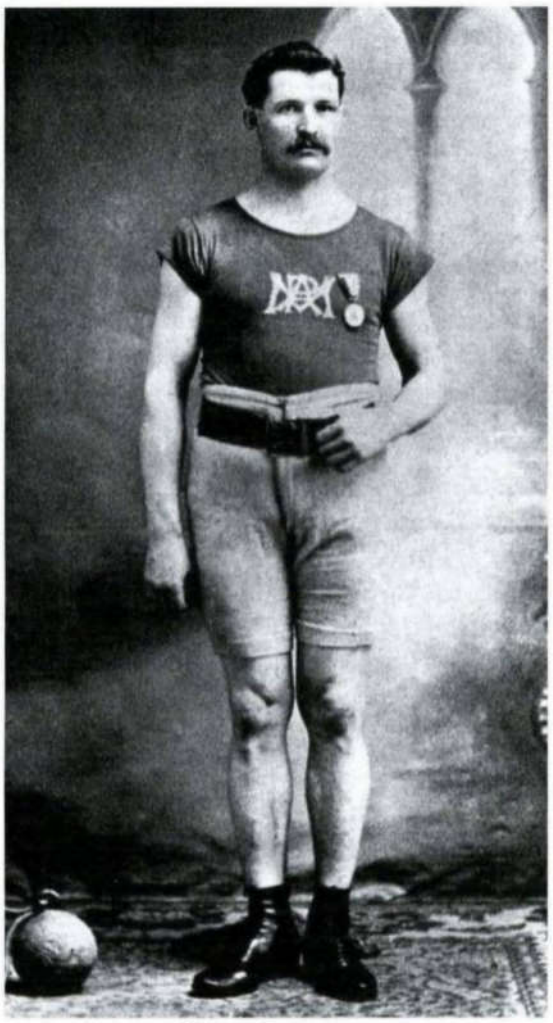
Meet Me in St. Louis

By Eric Zweig



Étienne Desmarteau

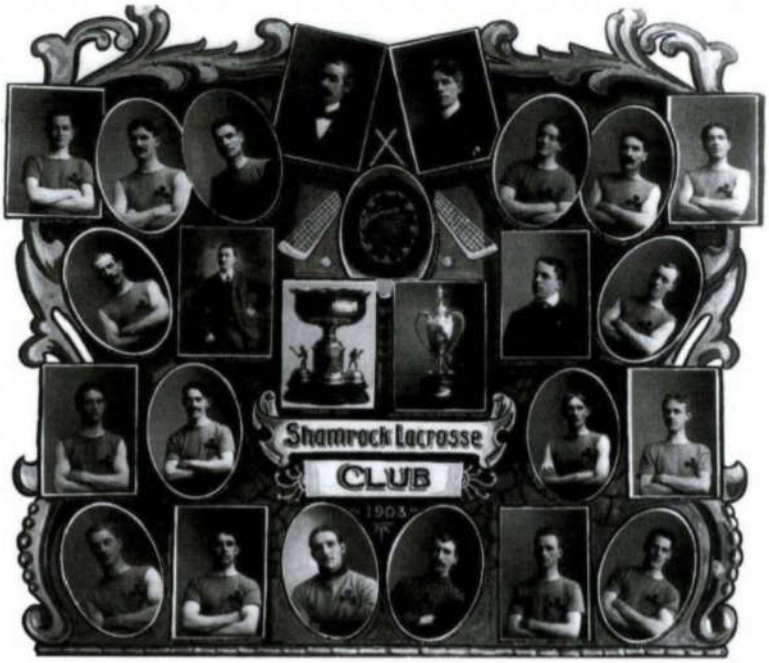
The Modern Olympic Movement celebrates its 100th anniversary later this summer, but the games of the XXVIth Olympiad in Atlanta will mark only the 92nd year in which Canada has participated. After missing the 1896 Athens Games and the 1900 Paris Olympics, Canada finally fielded its first Olympic team in 1904, when the Games were staged considerably closer to home. Unfortunately, Canada's entry into the Olympic Games came under less than ideal circumstances.

As early as 1894, when the Olympic movement was struggling to move from concept to completion, Baron Pierre de Coubertain of France and the other founding members of the International Olympic Committee had come to an understanding that the third Olympic Games should be offered to the United States, a nation just beginning to take its place on the world stage. At the IOC meetings in Paris in 1901, a choice was offered between two American candidates: Chicago and St. Louis. Chicago was the unanimous selection.

St. Louis, however, which at the time had been preparing to organize a World's Fair for 1903 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, was forced for financial reasons to re-schedule its Exposition to 1904. Fearing a clash with the Olympics in Chicago, St. Louis organizers asked that the Games be moved to their city, threatening to stage their own athletic competition if their request was not granted. Chicago offered instead to put off the Olympics until 1905, but Coubertain would nor permit such a change. The decision as to which American city should stage the 1904 Olympics was taken all the way to the President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt chose St. Louis. The IOC agreed with reluctance. They had seen the disastrous results of a similar situation four years earlier.

After the huge success of the first modern Olympic Games in the home of the ancient Olympics at Athens in 1896, the Second Olympiad in Paris nearly brought the fledgling movement to its end. The Games, staged in conjunction with the 1900 World's Fair, were relegated to second-class status behind the Universal Paris Exposition. Poor organization and poor attendance plagued the competition, as events were spread out over the course of the Exposition, taking over five months to complete. So badly were the games handled that some of the athletes who had taken part were actually unaware that the events they had just contested had even been part of the Olympic Games.

Perhaps in protest over the American decision to stage the Olympics at St. Louis, Coubertain himself did not attend the 1904 Games. Although 22 nations and 1,319 athletes had taken part in the Paris Olympics, less than 700 competitors from only 12 countries were on hand in St. Louis. More than 500 of those athletes were Americans. Citing high trans-Atlantic travel expenses, only 10 European countries bothered to send teams. Two nations, Ireland and Canada, appeared on the Olympic roster for the first time.



Winnipeg's lacrosse Olympians. (Manitoba Archives)

Not surprisingly, American athletes dominated the St. Louis Olympics, earning nearly 250 medals while no other nation garnered more than 15. Of the 25 track and field events staged in St. Louis, Americans took gold in 23. One of the two non-American winners was Étienne Desmarteau.

The first man to win an Olympic championship while representing Canada, Étienne Desmarteau hailed from Montreal, where he was born in 1877. Little is known of his early life or his training methods. What is known is that at 6'1" and 225 lbs., he was the smallest of five boys in his family. He joined the Montreal police force in 1901 after working in the CPR foundry and, competing in weight and field events with his brother Zacharie, gave the force a powerful presence in the many police games held annually in such cities as Boston, New York, Montreal and Toronto.

Desmarteau competed in the 56 lbs. weight toss at the 1904 St. Louis Games, a competition long since dropped from the Olympic roster. (It resembled the hammer toss, except that it involved tossing a weight that was 40 lbs. heavier.) He was already the world record holder in the event, having hurled the weight 36' 5 ½". His Olympic toss of 34' 4" beat his nearest rival by a full 12" as Desmarteau easily took the gold medal.

Étienne Desmarteau was hailed as a hero back home in Montreal. *La Presse* headlined the story of his Olympic achievement: "*Cette victoire honore les Canadiens-français.*" After his shocking death from typhoid a little more than one year later, the recorder of the Montreal municipal court ("*un juge Anglais*," the French-language newspapers pointed out), opened the proceedings with a request that all present stand while he delivered an address in Desmarteau's honour: "brave as a lion ... devoted to duty ... a calm, equable temperament ... an honour to his comrades in the force." A park in Montreal was named for him. Fittingly, some of the events of the 1976 Games in Montreal were held in Desmarteau Park.

Our country's second great Olympic hero was a product of English Canada. Born 18 July 1858 in Richmond Hill, Ontario, George Lyon was the type of all-around Victorian-era athlete lost to the specialization of modern times. By age 38, Lyon had played football, baseball and soccer. He had set a national record in the pole vault back in 1876 and helped his Toronto Rosedale cricket team establish national records in that sport. Lyon was also an excellent curler and lawn bowler. Never, though, had he played golf. Not until a friend dared him to hit a golf ball in 1896. By 1904, he was Olympic champion in the sport.

Employing an unorthodox style, Lyon's swing often provoked criticism. By adapting his cricket skills to the golf course, he might not have won any style points, but was able to drive the ball huge distances. His power off the tee and his long irons allowed Lyon to compensate for his weak putting skills. In a span from 1898 to 1914, he won eight Canadian amateur titles. In 15 tournaments for the Canadian senior championship between 1918 and 1932, Lyon won 10 times and finished as the runner-up on four occasions.

George Lyon was one of 84 golfers to compete in the gruelling six-day competition at the St. Louis Olympics. Just eight golfers finished ahead of him in the 36-hole qualifying round that reduced the field to 32. For the rest of the tournament, he eliminated opponents one by one in individual matches. Each match consisted of 18 holes in the morning and 18 more in an afternoon session.

By the time Lyon reached the semi-finals, he was the only non-American left in the field. He faced Pacific Coast champion Francis Newton in a 36-hole semi-final that went down to the final hole before Lyon emerged victorious. His final match produced a victory over the amateur champion H. Chandler Egan of Chicago.

Unaware that he had taken up the game just eight years before, St. Louis newspapers attributed the surprising victory of the 46-year-old Canadian over the 23-year-old American champ to "iron nerves" and "his pre-ponderating wisdom, born of longer experience."

For his victory, George Lyon received a $1,500 sterling silver trophy. He accepted it with typical Canadian modesty, telling the *Toronto Star* that "though the winning of this trophy carries with it the title of champion of the world, I am not foolish enough to think I am the best player in the world; far from it. I know there are many better ... but I am satisfied I am not the worst".

In addition to the individual victories of Étienne Desmarteau and George Lyon at the St. Louis Olympics, Canada also picked up two gold medals in team competitions. The Winnipeg Shamrocks earned gold in lacrosse in the first of only two years in which the sport would be on the official Olympic program (the Mohawk Indian team of Brantford, Ontario took home the bronze) and the Galt Football Club claimed the top spot in soccer. While only three teams had been entered in the soccer tournament, the Galt club easily defeated its two American rivals. Rounding out the Canadian medal haul was the Toronto Argonauts rowing club, which earned a silver medal in the eights.

The four gold medals won in St. Louis would remain the most for Canada until matched by the 1928 Olympic team. Not until the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics (boycotted by the Soviet bloc) did a Canadian Olympic team top that total. But if Canada's Olympic debut had proved to be a success, the St. Louis Games themselves were a failure.

As in Paris, the combination of the Olympics and the World's Fair was not a happy mix. Once again, events were staged throughout the course of the Exposition, resulting in a schedule that took four and a half months to complete. Attendance again was sparse, and though the track and field facilities were said to be "acceptable", other facilities were not. The swimming pool, for example, was an asymmetrical lake built into the grounds of the Fair. Distances were difficult to determine and the starting signals, given from a raft, were hard to follow. The nadir of the St. Louis Games, however, was the running of the marathon, which ranks among the most bizarre events in Olympic history.

The organizers of the race knew very little about staging such events. Subsequently the St. Louis marathon was scheduled for the middle of the afternoon during the hot and humid Missouri summer. Temperatures topped 32°C and the only water available to the competitors was from a well located near the midpoint of the 26-mile race. Making matters all the worse, the course included seven hills and was run on dusty roads, made dustier by the many automobiles used by judges, doctors and journalists assigned to cover the event.

Not surprisingly, only 14 of the 32 runners who began the race made it to the finish — including Fred Lorz of New York, who had taken a rather unique route to get there. More than three hours after the race had begun Lorz was the first athlete to arrive at the Olympic Stadium. Uncannily cool and relatively dust-free, Lorz received a hero's welcome and was carried off in triumph to have his photograph taken with "Princess" Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter. Lorz was about to be presented with his gold medal when it was discovered he had actually stopped running the race. Bothered by cramps, he had gladly accepted a lift back to the stadium offered to him by a passing truck driver. When the truck broke down, Lorz, having recovered, decided, for a joke, to continue on foot. He readily admitted his deception, but unamused American Athletic Union officials punished him with a "lifetime" ban (which was rescinded in time to allow him to win the 1905 Boston Marathon). The real winner of the St. Louis marathon was another American, Thomas Hicks, who staggered into the stadium covered in dust 15 minutes after Lorz had arrived. Hicks was presented with the gold medal, though his own route to the finish would certainly not have withstood modern-day scrutiny. Near collapse still 10 miles from the finish Hicks received from his handlers a dose of strychnine sulphate mixed with raw egg whites. A few miles later, he was given more strychnine and a few shots of brandy. Several more doses two miles from the stadium pushed him across the finish line a full six minutes ahead of his nearest competition. He accepted his medal and announced his retirement. No one at the time dreamed of protesting the victory.

After the debacle of St. Louis, the Olympic movement gave its support to a tenth anniversary Olympic event in Greece for 1906. The Interim Games, as they are often known, were not officially part of the Olympics, but did much to bolster the floundering institution. Canada sent only four athletes but one of them would emerge as one of the Game's greatest heroes. Billy Sherring, whose trip to Athens was partly financed by a $75 longshot bet on a horse race that paid off, captured the hearts of Greek fans by winning the marathon. Wearing a strange, floppy hat and the Shamrock logo of his St. Pats Athletic Club in Hamilton, Sherring was greeted by 60,000 fans as he entered the stadium and was accompanied on his victorious final lap by an applauding Prince George of Greece.

The most significant event to come out of the Athens Interim Games, however, did not come on the athletic fields. It came in the boardroom, when the Italians informed the IOC that they would not be able to stage the 1908 Olympics in Rome. With just two years until the fourth Olympiad, the Games were awarded to London instead. Edwardian England proved worthy of the task. The speed and efficiency with which the venues were built, and the Games themselves were run, did much to

restore the dignity and credibility of the Olympics. One of the stars of the London Olympics was a member of the Canadian team who had competed without success in St. Louis in 1904.

Born in Ireland but raised in Hamilton, Bobby Kerr was a sprinter in an era of great Canadian marathoners. With runners like Billy Sherring, Jack Caffrey and Tom Longboat fuelling the "marathon craze" in Canada, Kerr preferred to concentrate on the speed events. Forced to go to work to support his family while still just a teenager, Kerr, a fireman, squeezed in training time at the end of a twelve-hour day. The hard work finally began to show results when at age 20 he won the 100, 440 and 880 yard races at the Hamilton Coronation Games of 1904.

Prince George of Greece paces Billy Sherring, Athens, 1906.

Kerr continued winning over the next two years, and victories in both the 100 and 200 yard events at the Canadian YMCA championships gave him a chance to compete at St. Louis. Kerr's $75 Olympic expenses had to come out of his own pocket and he saved money by sleeping on the floor at a friend's St. Louis home. He won his first heat in the 100 metre event at the 1904 Olympics before being eliminated from the competition by the eventual winner, Archie Hahn of the United States.

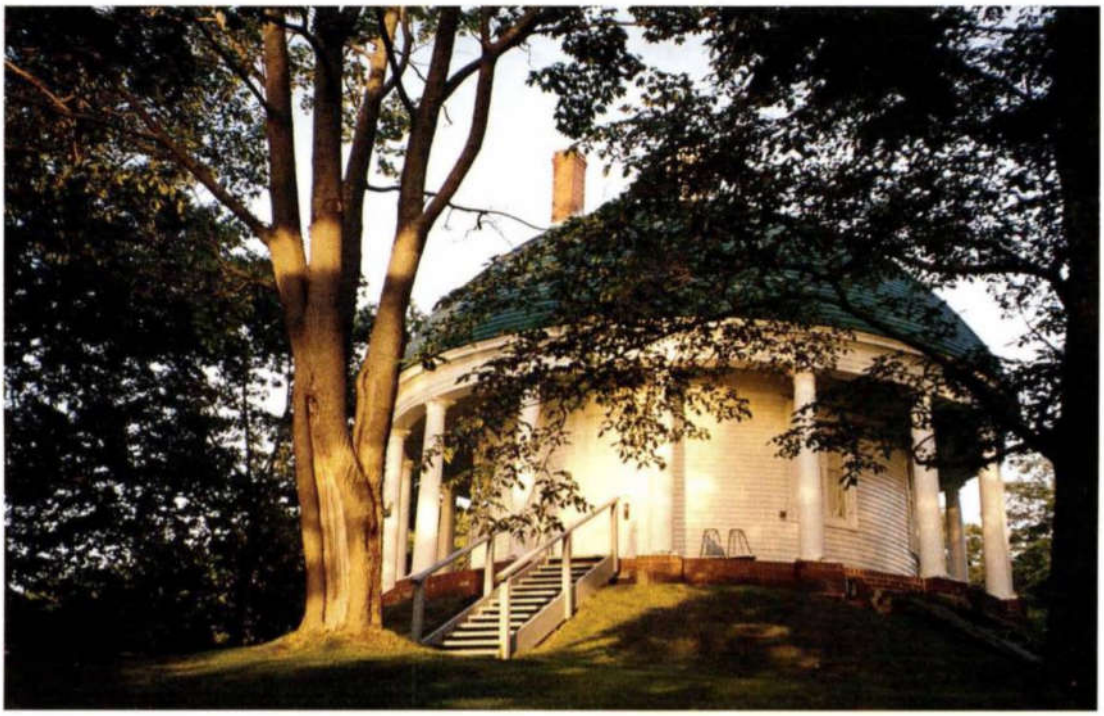
Undaunted, Kerr competed wherever he could over the next few years. By 1907, he was clearly the best sprinter in the country. Not only did he win the Canadian title in both the 100 and 200 yards, he set a new national record of 9.4 seconds in the 100. He established new meet records virtually every time he raced, winning 41 events that year. He began 1908 by setting a new Canadian record over 50 yards in February, and then went on to sweep the sprint events in both the Ontario and Canadian championships. He not only added the 100 and 220 yard titles at the British athletic championships on his way to the 1908 Olympics, he also earned the Harvey Gold Cup as the outstanding athlete at the event.

Kerr and American James Rector were the favourites heading into the 100 metres at the London Olympics and both advanced through their heats with relative ease. So, too, did the little known South African sprinter Reggie Walker. In the finals, Walker was first off the starting line, but gave way to the American at the midway point with Kerr charging hard. Walker pulled in front again late in the race and at the end it was the South African by a stride over the American with Bobby Kerr claiming a bronze medal for Canada, mere inches behind Rector in an amazingly tight finish.

Disappointed with his results, Kerr didn't have much time to sulk. He was scheduled to compete in the 200 metres just a few days later and looked to this race to gain his revenge. He did so in an even more remarkable finish. The timing devices of the day recorded Kerr and American Robert Cloughen both at 22.6 seconds, as the fireman from Hamilton made his way to the tape less than one foot in front.

Bobby Kerr would continue to compete after winning his gold medal in 1908 and was again selected to represent Canada for the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm. He turned down the honour, however, feeling that at the age of 30 he was past his prime. Age did not prevent him from participating in the First World War, though, where he served overseas as an officer with the 164th Battalion. After the war, he returned to track and field as an administrator. In 1928, Kerr served as captain of Canada's Olympic entry at Amsterdam. In that role, this veteran of Canada's first Olympic team watched as Percy Williams exceeded his own accomplishments by winning gold in both the 100 and 200 metres. As the Games prepare to mark their 100th anniversary, Percy Williams' double victory remains Canada's greatest athletic achievement since our country first arrived on the Olympic scene in St. Louis in 1904. ◆

Eric Zweig is a Toronto writer with a particular interest in the history of sports. His article on early football in Canada appeared in the October/November 1995 issue of "The Beaver".



The Duke's Romantic Retreat

Prince's Lodge, Halifax, was Home to Queen Victoria's Father and His Mistress

BY SHARON INGALLS

The heart-shaped pond in Halifax's Hemlock Ravine Park attracts many visitors who enjoy its tranquillity and charm. Would these visitors, especially the young lovers, be disappointed to learn that the story of the pond's origin is a myth, that the heart-shaped pond was not built by Prince Edward, the Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria, for his lady love, Julie Saint-Laurent? Probably not, for the pond has become a symbol of romance, of enduring love, and the historical information that the pond was originally an uninspiring oval would make little impression on the myth that surrounds this small body of water and its environs.

The pond, now part of a 200-acre city park, is one of the two remaining features of a once-magnificent pleasure garden built on the shores of the Bedford Basin by Prince Edward, fourth son of King George III. The other reminder of the royal estate is a rotunda, a small circular domed building, perched on a knoll between a busy highway, railway tracks and the shoreline. Ruins of other buildings built by the Prince lie hidden in wooded areas or are buried under post-war suburban houses. For 200 years the area has drawn both local and foreign visitors, beginning in 1794 when Prince Edward began to create a grand country seat with parklands similar to those he knew in England. During these two centuries, the site has undergone many changes, all of which reveal changing sensibilities and tastes, the differing social and cultural needs of the times.

Prince Edward and Julie Saint-Laurent, his mistress, made Halifax their home from 1794 to 1800 while the Prince was commander of the Nova Scotian forces, and later, commander-in-chief of the British Forces in North

America. As befitted an eighteenth-century gentleman, the Prince required a country estate in his new, but temporary home. Graciously, but reluctantly, the Governor of Nova Scotia, John Wentworth, loaned the young couple his house and farm, located six miles from Halifax on the shores of the inner harbour. Here the Prince indulged his love of architecture and landscape design, transforming the governor's simple country seat into an estate worthy of royalty.

Today's visitor has only to walk through Hemlock Ravine Park, observing the thin soil covering bedrock, to appreciate how extensively the Duke of Kent altered the rugged and rocky landscape. With his ample financial resources, the Prince employed engineers, gardeners, masons, carpenters and labourers to transform a primeval wilderness into an English country estate. Earth and rocks were moved by horse-drawn carts and wheelbarrows to create sloping lawns, terraces, pathways, walls, fields, an orchard, and both kitchen and formal flower gardens. A berm was built to divert a stream so that it flowed into an artificial lake, today's heart-shaped pond. Other waterways were constructed to form cascades or waterfalls.

Prince Edward's estate, known as Prince's Lodge, reflected up-to-date landscaping designs of his era. From an agricultural point of view, the site was impractical, but aesthetically it was perfectly suited to the taste of the time. The main residence, an Italianate villa with many large windows, was sited to make the most of the view, one that matched the eighteenth-century concept of scenic beauty. According to this ideal the house should be on a gentle rise and should look out on a wide swath of lawn, with a lake or a river in the middle distance and hills in the background framing the entire scene. In England lakes were often created for wealthy land owners, but Prince Edward had the good fortune to find the perfect view *in situ*. The fact that the water was part of the ocean, not a lake, could be overlooked, as the Basin was almost entirely enclosed and sheltered.

The only thing missing from this perfect landscape was an object of interest, a focal point, against which to view the broad expanse of water. Edward remedied this by erecting a small domed building in the neoclassical style on an artificial knoll. This rotunda, known locally as the Round House or Music Room, still sits overlooking the Basin. Today, without the setting that led to its creation, the rotunda is seen as anomalous, a peculiar, but attractive building with no perceived purpose.

Other circular buildings, known as "Chinese temples" or "pagodas", were erected in the woods. In eighteenth-century landscaping terms these were known as mounts, buildings placed on mounds where people could sit and admire a particularly fine view. The buildings themselves were intended to enhance the natural beauty of the landscape, but in Nova Scotia, they probably also served a practical purpose. Admirers of the picturesque could sit inside the small temples and contemplate nature without being plagued by blackflies and mosquitoes.

Visitors were led to these temples through a network of pathways that penetrated into the natural woodland surrounding the estate grounds. Also in the midst of the evergreen forest was a grotto or hermit's cell, another fashionable element of Georgian gardens. Grottos, whether inhabited or uninhabited, were meant to encourage contemplation of the solitary, spiritual life. Whether the Prince hired a hermit to live in his grotto, as was sometimes done in England, is unknown. But stories of Madame Saint-Laurent taking food to a soldier turned hermit were current for over a hundred years.

The total effect of the Prince's pleasure garden corresponded to the most important principle of Georgian landscaping: nature heightened by art. Much of the natural wilderness was included in the overall plan.

A romantic view of the Lodge and rotunda in the nineteenth century.

Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, soldier and father to a queen.

Irregular groupings of trees dotted the lawns and provided a picturesque setting for the villa and the rotunda. Stands of native spruce, maple, beech and birch remained to form the background of the estate, but cultivated plants played a more important role in the formal grounds. Reminders of some of these introduced species can still be seen in the area. Hawthorns grow close to where they originally formed a hedge defining the boundary between lawn and woodland, and gnarled apple trees, remnants of an orchard, remain by the pond and along roadways.

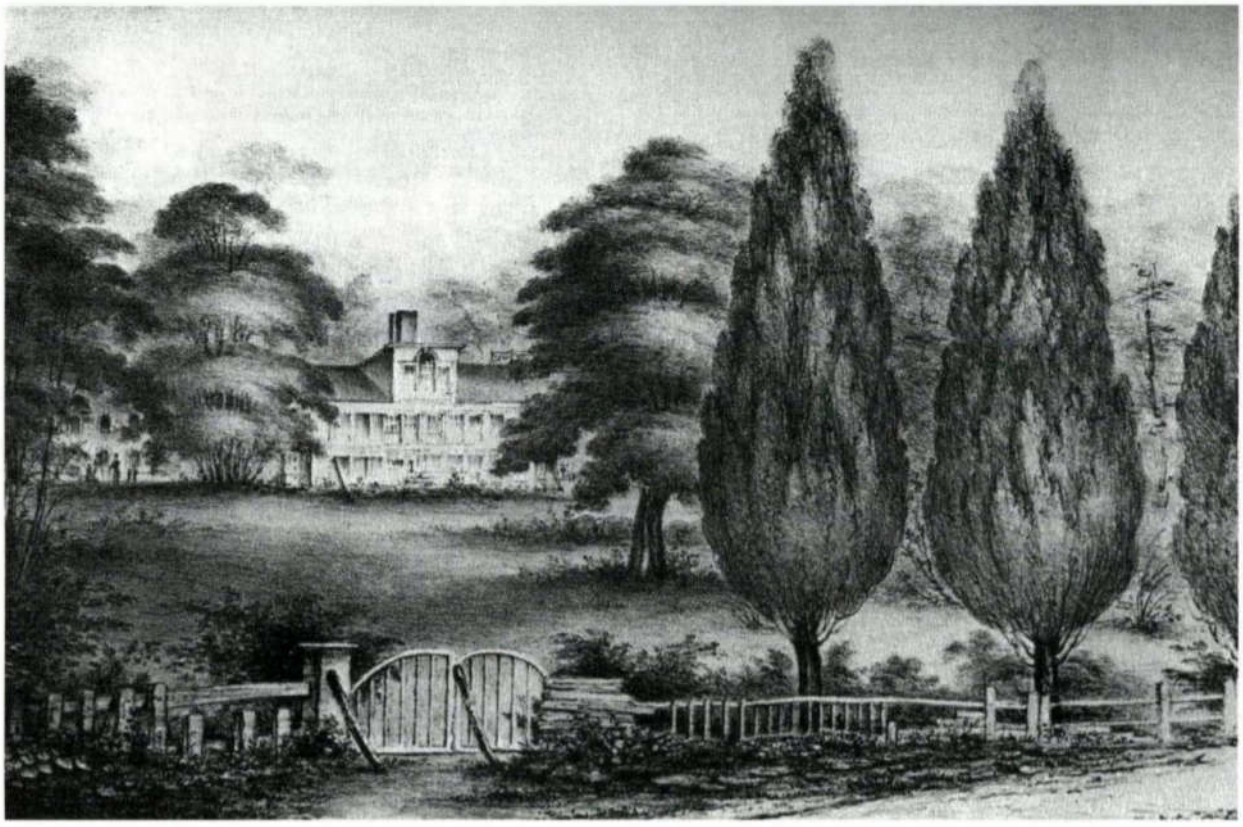
Changes to the landscape, such as a berm and mounts, can be observed in Hemlock Ravine Park and the adjoining residential area, but all traces of the main residence and outbuildings have disappeared. These included a separate kitchen and offices, a library, stables, coach houses, a duck house, and housing for labourers, gardeners and builders. The Prince also had four barracks built along the shore to house two companies of his regiment, the Seventh Fusiliers. It was a band from this regiment that provided the musical backdrop for Edward's and Julie's many social activities. The association with musical entertainment remains, as the rotunda is often referred to as the Music Room.

By the time the Prince and Julie left Halifax, their fashionable estate was either admired for the fine taste it displayed or reviled as the "Prince's Folly". Its original owner, Wentworth, and his wife, returned to his much-altered country seat in 1800. Wentworth, older and more financially strained than the Duke, was not interested in maintaining an extravagant pleasure garden. Because of his utilitarian inclinations and his need for income he concentrated on farming and had one of the barracks converted into an inn. Both the inn and a club that met there every Saturday were named after Wentworth's patron, the Marquis of Rockingham. Club members consisted of Halifax's ruling oligarchy. Here, on the shores of the Basin, business and pleasure were combined in the congenial atmosphere of a British men's club. The club dissolved when Wentworth was replaced but the Rockingham Inn continued, independent of official patronage, for it had become a favourite resort for the fashionable. Patrons came by sleigh in the winter and by coach in the summer to dine in the sheltered seaside setting.

The Lodge itself became a cherished link with the royal family. Local citizens, who had been charmed by Julie and her young lover when they were residents, were saddened to hear that Prince Edward had been forced to leave her after 27 happy years together. Family duty, that is the need for an heir, required that Prince Edward marry a German princess. Two years after fathering Victoria, their only child and the future queen, he died. Halifax's

Julie St. Laurent, the prince's Canadian companion.

The heart-shaped pond and a path through the trees remind modern visitors of Prince Edward and Julie.



The Lodge and grounds in the years of decline.

connection to the reigning monarch and link to the storied past was never forgotten.

The romantic appeal of the Duke of Kent's estate was actually heightened as Wentworth and later owners allowed the gardens and buildings to fall into ruin. At the time ruins were in vogue; in England some of the landed gentry actually incorporated new ruins in their landscape designs. Ruins were thought to be spiritually uplifting, allowing the viewer to reflect on the transitory nature of human endeavour. In North America the absence of Old World ruins was keenly felt by refined people of European descent; they regretted the lack of crumbling castles, cathedrals and temples which served as *memento mori* and tangible links to the past.

It did not take long for the Duke of Kent's wooden buildings to decay enough to satisfy this longing for genuine Nova Scotian ruins. In 1812, while the aging Wentworths still lived at the Lodge, Lady Sherbrooke, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Sir John Sherbrooke, lamented the desolate state of the pleasure gardens. She noted that several of the buildings had entirely gone to ruin with plants growing through their floors. The derelict buildings noted by Lady Sherbrooke would have been ornamental structures as the main residence was occupied for a further seven years. Only after the estate was abandoned would the process of decay have escalated.

As the buildings became more and more dilapidated and the gardens more unkempt, a satisfying sense of melancholy was felt by other nineteenth-century visitors to Prince's Lodge. Two famous Nova Scotian sons, Joseph Howe and Thomas Chandler Haliburton, visited the vacant and neglected estate in the same year, 1828. Their comments indicate that the message of the ruins could be interpreted in different ways. Howe's romantic sensibility led him into flights of fancy. He imagined scenes of royal entertainment where "the gay and the proud are roving beneath the boughs, and winding along the footpaths, while forms of fairylightness are hanging on their arms". While the site inspired his poetic imagination, Howe's later references suggest that the Lodge and its historical associations also held a deeper meaning for him. Howe felt that knowledge of the past was a source of strength for the present and an inspiration for the future. The Lodge was a visible symbol of this past, a past which should inspire future generations to reach even greater heights. It is not without significance that one of Howe's best known patriotic poems, "Song for the Eighth of June", was composed to be read at the Lodge.

The conservative Haliburton had a less optimistic

reaction to the site. For Haliburton could find no inspiration, no flights of imagination, no historical importance in wooden ruins. Europe's ruins endured because they were made of durable materials, unlike wooden buildings that quickly rotted into the ground. Haliburton provided a detailed and accurate description of the Lodge, but for him it was only a depressing scene serving to remind visitors that death awaits prince and peasant alike. As a reminder of mankind's insignificance, Haliburton felt that the ruins had one beneficial effect, that of reconciling visitors to Providence and accepting their place as ordained by God.

Other visitors probably reflected on these questions when visiting the Lodge, but few would have let reflections on fate or mortality dampen their enjoyment of spending a fine day on the site of a royal residence on the shores of the Bedford Basin. Visitors wandered along the pathways, sketched the remnants of the Lodge, enjoyed the fresh salt air and, most significantly, dined *alfresco*.

The new fashion of "pic-nics" was perfectly suited to the lawns and gardens of the abandoned estate. Large groups of picnickers arrived by boat and were entertained with games, dances and hired bands. Many of these events would have been catered by the Rockingham Inn or its successors, as meals were frequently formally served. These grand affairs included the first picnic to celebrate Halifax's founding and six years later, in 1845, a *fête champêtre* sponsored by the Scottish Society. A newspaper account records the latter event, stating that 600 sat down to dinner:

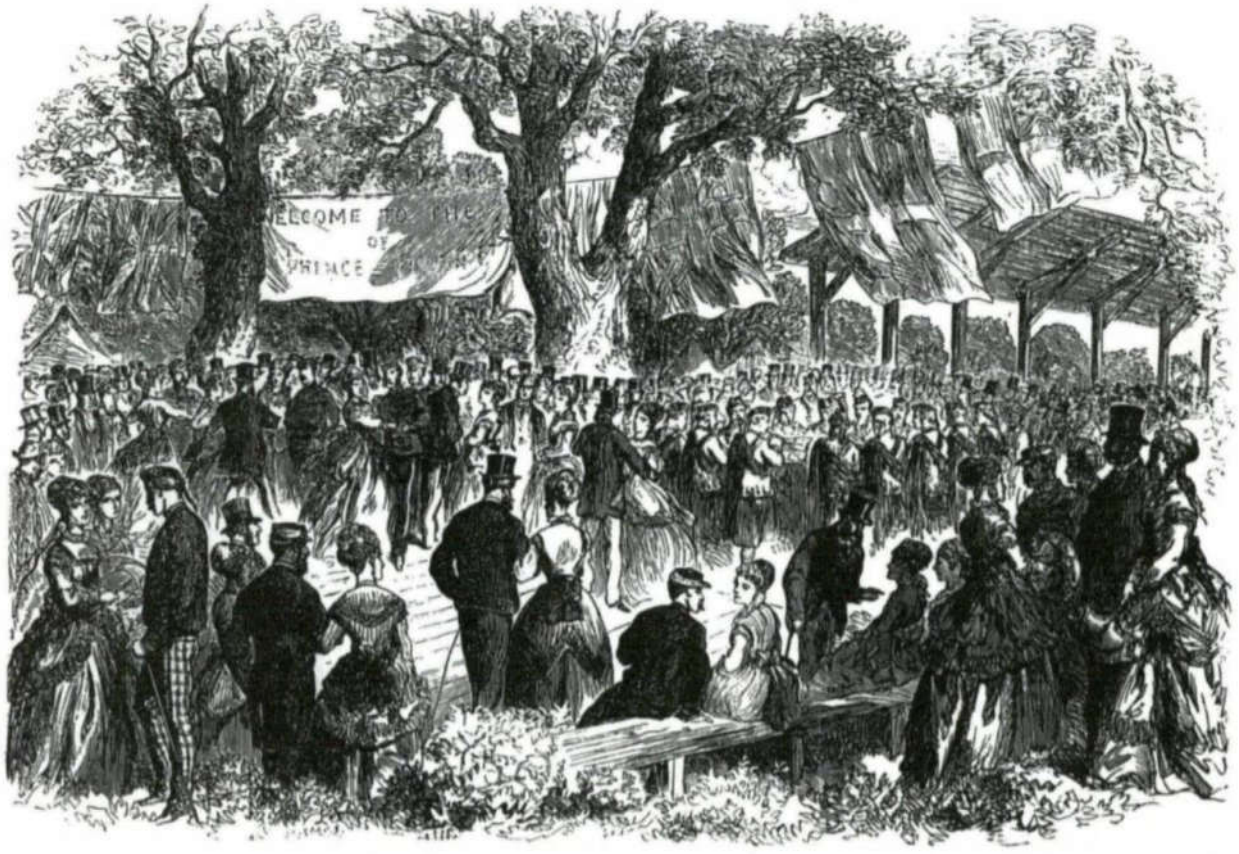
> The Society marched in procession, with pipes playing and splendid banners, to the Market Slip, where they embarked on board one of the steamboats, and proceeded up the harbour ... the company soon arrived at the scene of amusement ... prepared to enjoy the pleasures of the day. These consisted of the usual picnic amusements, swings, quoits, and eating and drinking ... the company returned to town about 9 o'clock.

A similar celebratory atmosphere prevailed on 12 August 1864 when the future fathers of Confederation were fêted at the Lodge with a picnic. Accounts relate a rollicking affair with games, dances, songs, speeches and many toasts and cheers.

Picnics, formal and informal, continued to be popular events at the Lodge until the 1930s. The character of these events changed in the latter decades of the nineteenth century, however. "Bumpers" were replaced by non-alcoholic drinks and organized sports substituted for the more indecorous entertainments of earlier days. Among the sponsors of these more sober picnics were the Sons of Temperance and various church groups.

Throughout the time that visitors enjoyed the Duke of Kent's transformed pleasure garden, the remnants of the estate continued to deteriorate. In 1855 a railway cut sep-

The valentine pond in winter.



A picnic for Prince Arthur, the Duke's grandson, in 1869.

arated the rotunda from the broad swath of lawn above. An iron bridge spanned the gap between shore and picnic area until 1905 when double tracking led to its removal.

The rotunda, the last remaining building from the estate, was maintained, but not in its original state. The domed interior, painted blue with white stars, disappeared when an owner created a second floor by cutting off the dome. Light and space were added by building two dormers into the roof. Interior space was needed because the building was frequently used, sometimes as a residence. During the 1890s the rotunda was purchased by a cycling club, the Halifax Ramblers, and used as their club house. As many as 200 members would cycle from the city to Prince's Lodge for a picnic after racing events. Later the rotunda was rented to families, some with several children who slept in the upper storey under the dome. The last private owner used the rotunda as a summer cottage.

The heart-shaped pond also underwent transformations. A small Chinese temple that stood by its side, its wood carved with the names of hundreds of visitors, gradually decayed into the woodland. A major change took place sometime in the 1860s when "improvements" were made, probably occasioned by one of two royal visits in that decade. Two of Prince Edward's grandchildren visited, Edward, the Prince of Wales, in 1860 and Prince Arthur in 1869. As both princes were taken to see the site where their grandfather had spent several happy years, it is probable that the grounds were spruced up for the event. Among the "improvements" was the transformation of the artificial lake into a heart-shaped pond. That the small body of water was reshaped into a heart is emblematic of Victorian sentimentality, suggesting as it does the legends of romantic love associated with the site.

The changes that occurred throughout the years did not go unnoticed or unchallenged. Almost since the estate was vacated there were suggestions that it should either be preserved, and later, when there was little to be saved, that it be restored. A few Nova Scotians who had acquired some of the Duke's furniture through purchase or inheritance offered to contribute these items to a restored villa. Interest in preserving the site continued even when the rotunda was left as the only remaining building. The idea of converting the former pleasure grounds into a public park was so current that some American newspapers noted, after Queen Victoria's death, that it was sure to be done.

Halifax history students excavate near the former barracks on the Rockingham Inn site in 1994.

Before part of the estate grounds finally became a public park, the site suffered a further indignity. In 1920 the open lawns and fields, preserved for over a hundred years as a picnic ground, were subdivided into building lots. Homes were built, most in the post-war period, and more were planned when interest in the area revived.

In the 1960s pressure was put on the provincial government to purchase and preserve the rotunda. This was accomplished in 1972 when the province acquired the building and restored its exterior. The rotunda remains isolated and difficult to access due to a busy highway and railway tracks, but it still serves the most important of its original functions — that of providing a focal point to enhance the beauty of the natural surroundings.

As for the other remnants of the estate, such as the pond, mounts and stone walls, some were incorporated into Hemlock Ravine Park, others are on private property. As the name suggests, the primary motivation for the creation of the park lay in a grove of ancient hemlocks situated in a ravine on the northern edge of the original estate. To be sure, there was a concurrent interest in preserving the heart-shaped pond, but it was the ancient hemlocks that provided the impetus that eventually preserved what remained of the royal estate.

In the early 1970s the value of a mature hemlock forest within the city boundaries was brought to the attention of civic officials by local naturalists. Furthermore, the woodlands lying between the pond and the virgin hemlocks were recognized for their potential recreational use and for their value as a buffer, protecting the ravine from heavy use. With naturalists, local residents and civic officials in agreement, land acquisition began and the park was officially opened in 1984.

Throughout the periodic transformations of Prince's Lodge, the estate grounds have reflected the tenor of the times, meeting changing social and recreational needs. The original elegant parkland was created by and for the elite, but it was soon appropriated by middle-class Victorians who enjoyed picnicking in its beautiful and evocative setting. The site continued to serve these needs until the picnic ground was sold and divided into building lots. But the pleasure garden did not totally disappear. Today's woodland park continues to give delight to walkers, hikers, photographers and others who appreciate its natural, unspoiled atmosphere. In its newest incarnation, the park suits the tenor of our time: it provides a wilderness experience within easy reach of urban dwellers.

Today's park visitors share some of the same pleasures Prince Edward and Julie would have enjoyed two hundred years ago. The shimmer of water, woodland flowers, brilliant autumn foliage, all remain unchanged. The formal gardens have gone but the wild garden with its painted trilliums, pink ladyslippers and mayflowers is still there to enjoy. Moreover, the link with the historic past is still visible. It can be seen in the rotunda, the heart-shaped pond and the mysterious mounds hidden in the forest. ◆

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Annie Midlige, Fur Trader

A Lebanese widow defies the HBC

BY PETER LENEY

An unusual figure to roam Quebec wilderness early this century was a woman, born in 1864 in the hills around Beirut, whose fur trading talent made her the bane of the Hudson's Bay Company in its arena of competition.

Annie Midlige, as she was known in Canada, peddled her way up the Gatineau River and spooked HBC posts across the remote forested interior of Quebec, from present-day La Verendrye Park to the upper St. Maurice valley. Clad in widow's black, travelling by canoe with an Indian guide, she invaded territory that remained largely the preserve of Indians and the HBC until around 1905, when work began on a railway through the area.

Many anonymous "petty traders" beset the HBC in this newly opened frontier, but Annie stands out in being mentioned by name in Company reports — or by the archaic designation "Assyrian". For example, in a 1906 report on competition in St. Maurice district, HBC inspector Alexander Milne is no doubt referring to Annie when he says their "best-known [competitor] is an Assyrian woman, the first lady competitor I have come across in the wilds."

A report two years later blames "a woman, Mrs. Medlege [*sic*]" for undercutting trade at Kikendatch Post on the upper St. Maurice so grievously that the writer recommended moving the post, complete with its Indians, deeper into the wilderness to elude her reach.

A widow with four children, Annie ultimately pushed the Lebanese custom of storekeeping and family ties to the point that Midliges ran stores and traded furs along much of the remote section of the National Transcontinental Railway (NTR) from the St. Maurice to the Abitibi region of Quebec. Everything was in place by the time the last spike was driven in 1913.

Annie achieved this with no education; she signed her name with an X mark. Underscoring her enigmatic image, she never learned English or French, speaking only Arabic and the language of her Indian customers.

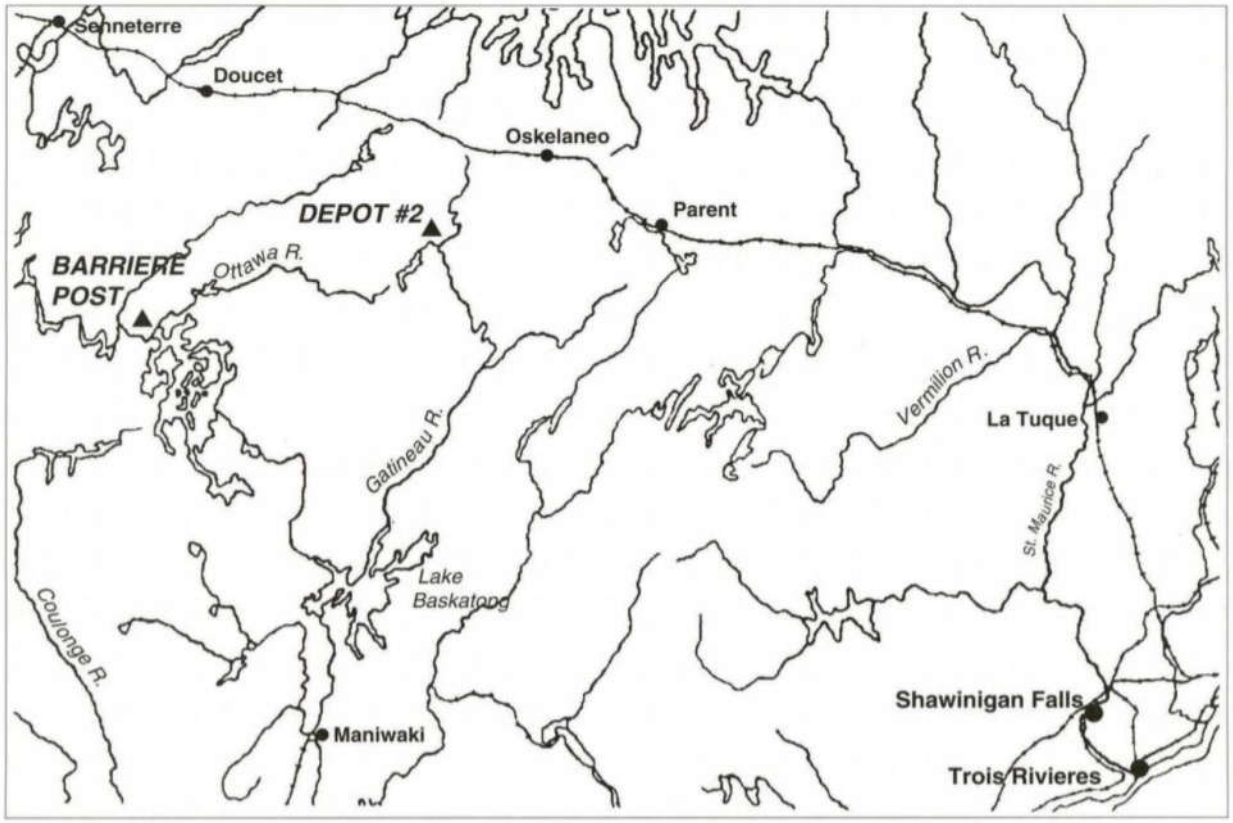
Annie left no quotes or writing, but a portrait emerges from HBC archival material, the recollections of grandchildren now around their 70s, and references in memoirs written by her son John. They evoke a remarkable woman who took up a life unimaginable in her native land, seized the economic opportunity of a twentieth-century frontier, and prospered by having "the courage to work and a wonderful memory," in her son's view.

Fur trading in the Quebec wilderness was very much a surprise turn. Born Fusheeyea Mitré Tabasharini, Annie grew up in the mountain village of Dhour el Choueir and found work at age 18 in the largest silk factory in Beirut. It was a fairy tale move, for she married the plant manager a year later and moved into a company house with a servant. Her first-born were twins, John and Eva, born in 1884, followed by sons William and Salem.

The soft life ended abruptly when husband Nadar died of pleurisy after 11 years of marriage. According to John's memoirs, Annie was too proud to accept a company offer to keep the house and collect her late husband's salary. Instead, after a brief time as a widow and mother in Beirut, she decided to seek prosperity in America. She placed her children with family and, using proceeds from the sale of a cousin's mule, steamed to New York City.

It was around 1894, during a great wave of Christian emigration from Lebanon, then part of Syria.

The 30-year-old widow found work cooking in a Lebanese restaurant in New York, but after about a year, Canada somehow beckoned and Annie moved to Ottawa. Her son's memoirs give no explanation for the move. They mention only that she roomed in a small



house with a Lebanese family and worked as cook, housekeeper and pedlar.

Her peddling, however, was not confined to Ottawa. Soon she was ranging up the Gatineau River to the bustling lumber frontier around Maniwaki. For Annie, the frontier was not about logs, but about access to a promising new customer base. She began trading with nearby Indian bands, among them the Algonquins of Barriere Lake on the upper Ottawa River, and "caught the fur trading fever," her son wrote:

> Every summer, she got an Indian with a big bark canoe loaded with clothing and yard goods suitable for the Indian trade and went to different Indian Reserves that were miles away. These trips used to take over two months paddling with many Rapids and Portages and she came back with packs of furs such as beaver, otter, muskrats, martens, etc. She made enough on the goods she sold to pay for the help and other expenses. The profit on the furs was clear profit.

Annie's activity was noted in 1899 by the Oblate priest Joseph Guinard. In his own memoirs, Father Guinard tells how a mission trip was delayed at Baskatong, north of Maniwaki, because an Indian had borrowed the Oblate canoe to bring a "*vendeuse syrienne*" back from Barriere. Given the date and place, Annie was certainly the "Syrian saleslady" in question.

By this time, Annie had prospered enough to start reassembling her family. John and Eva were the first sent for; they landed in Ottawa around 1898 after a trip to turn a mother's hair grey. Passing through New York, the twins, now 15, were held up when they forgot the name of the city where their mother lived. "My mother is living in Canada for over three years," John recalls telling authorities, "Everyone must know her by now."

They were saved from being returned to Lebanon when the owner of the restaurant where Annie had worked heard of their situation and offered to look after them until their mother's address could be obtained from Lebanon. It was a two-month delay.

In Ottawa, Annie made sure that John learned English by placing him in school (kindergarten level) and boarding him with an English family. She seemed to tolerate him apprenticing to the machinist's trade, even though it went against the Lebanese value of working for oneself. Sister Eva took up making "fancy goods" which she sold from her home on Bank Street.

While the twins were settling in, Annie pursued her empire building up the Gatineau. After a short time at Maniwaki, she moved 35 miles farther north to Baskatong, a farm village serving the lumber industry. Somehow she amassed the resources to buy a "stopping place" at Baskatong, as well as a 400-acre farm with horses, cows, pigs, ducks and hens. Annie Midlige is list-

ed as a Baskatong hotel owner from 1905-1912 and, of course, she had a store.

Eva moved to Baskatong to help her mother, as did the younger brothers John fetched from Lebanon. After delivering William and Salem to mother, John responded to the call of Yukon gold and settled in Dawson City for about three years. Annie wrote often urging him to come home "as she thought the Klondike was a terrible rough place."

When John did return, Annie unveiled a bigger reason for wanting him home. She wanted a partner in her fur-trade business. "Look at me, an old woman, if I can make these trips and make a good living, just think what a husky young man like you could do who could travel all over Canada," she argued. And drawing on Lebanese custom, she stressed that John was head of the family and must not talk of going back to the Klondike and leaving his family alone.

Annie and her son William at Parent in her old age.

After considering the scant return from his life's efforts to date, John agreed: "Mother, just show me what to do and how to get started, and as the Arabic language says, with the help of God, I will make good."

More earthly help came in the form of the transcontinental railway project announced in 1903 by Prime Minister Laurier. The remote routing of the NTR (later folded into Canadian National Railways) took it across the headwaters of the Gatineau River, which surveyors and engineers used to reach their isolated worksites.

The survey activity boosted patronage at Annie's Baskatong hotel, and more importantly, suggested a business location for her new fur-trade partner. John would open his first store on the west branch of the upper Gatineau, by Lake Echouani, at a point used for distributing supplies to survey parties spread through the area. Known as Depot 2, it was a hectic centre of coming and going, and a fine place for a store.

So mother and son, aged 43 and 24, loaded a team of horses with provisions, tools, tents, and blankets, and set forth in 1907 to launch the family business. They trekked six days from Baskatong to Depot 2, walking the up slopes since the horses were hauling a big load, and riding on the down slopes. On arrival, they hired some Indians and built a log shack about 18' x 16' to serve as all-purpose store, kitchen, and bedroom.

Annie's training program seemed cursory: she got samples of mink, marten, muskrat, fox, beaver, lynx, fisher, and weasel furs from the Indians, and told John what to pay for each. Within a week, "the Indians started to come by to trade their furs."

But Depot 2 was more than just a store location. It was a forward position placing Annie Midlige within reach of Indians that the HBC was accustomed to having for itself. Soon she was undermining trade across a big swath of Quebec wilderness, and while the HBC tried to counter her, their tactics had a way of misfiring.

The first to suffer was Barriere Post, about 60 miles west down the Ottawa River. Barriere was vulnerable because its Indians hunted around the upper Gatineau area and passed Depot 2 when going home in spring. It was easy for the Lebanese interlopers to waylay them and, indeed, the Barriere Post inspection report for 1907 noted that "Mrs. Midlige secured a large quantity [estimated at some $1,800] of the collection which rightly belonged to the Post."

The report observed that Barriere Post had no competition worth mentioning until 1907 when "an Assyrian woman [Mrs. Midlige] and a male companion established a small trading store at Camp 2". It claimed that the Indians were enticed to part with their hunts through the influence of liquor. However, this is the only time Annie or John were accused in HBC material of using liquor in their Indian trade.

The loss of the post's furs (which should have be used to repay debt) was a distressing blow to the Barriere manager, a crusty Scot named Edward Edwardson who had run the post for 23 years. A great disdainer of "the Opposition", Edwardson reacted by sending his eldest son Ben to erect an outpost beside Midlige at Depot 2 "with the object of collecting the Indians' Hunts when they return in Spring."

Little did anyone suspect that what started as a grim commercial encounter would end with the Edwardson and Midlige families joined by business partnership and marriage.

John's memoirs describe the Midlige reaction to this HBC move in upbeat tones. When the new trader appeared, Annie had steadying advice: "Mother said, 'don't be afraid, just keep good friends with Ben, don't pay any more for furs than they do and don't cut prices. Your father used to say the coarse will wear out the fine in everything (but) human beings'."

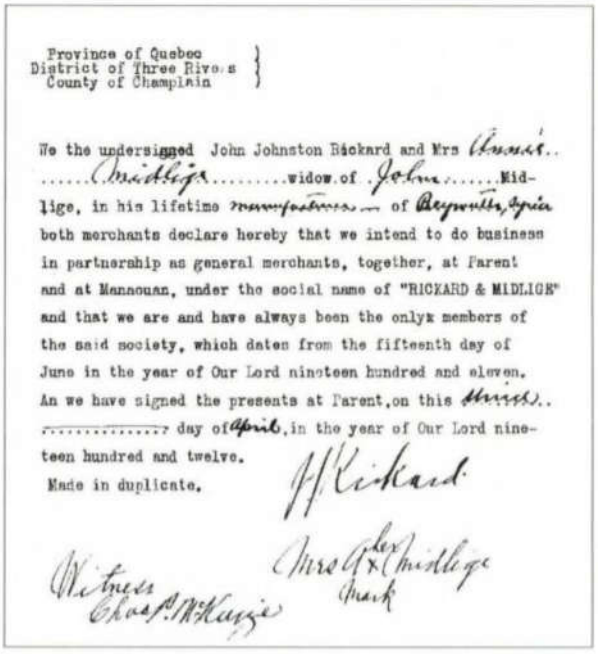
So John presented a friendly face and soon the young Scotch and Lebanese competitors were visiting, sharing meals and playing cards. When the HBC trader "got tame and friendly", John talked him into quitting the HBC and going into business together as Midlige & Edwardson, traders and general merchants. They would set up shop along the NTR when the route was finally known, make more money than the HBC paid, and be their own boss.

Annie blessed the partnership and moreover saw an opening for her son to find a wife among Ben's sisters. Edwardson and his Scotch-Algonquin wife Mary Polson had 16 children. "Try to get Ben to help you make a bargain to marry Jessie," she said: "[Jessie] is the best of the family. A big husky good-looking hard worker, she does most of the cooking, washing, housekeeping. She's used to bush life and the fur trading business, just what you need for a wife."

John took his mother's advice sight unseen, and after a lengthy courtship of letters and gifts of silk, the wedding took place at Barriere Post in 1912.

Along with her impact on Barriere Post, Annie also rattled nerves at the upper St. Maurice valley HBC post of Kikendatch, which traded with Tête-de-Boule Indians, today called Attikameks. The Midlige store on the Gatineau was two days' canoe journey from Kikendatch, but the post's Indians were quick to find the new shopping destination.

Annie's inroads were noted with particular bitterness by inspector W.R. Hamilton in a 1908 post report:



Province of Quebec
District of Three Rivers
County of Champlain

We the undersigned John Johnston Rickard and Mrs Annie Midlige widow of John Midlige, in his lifetime manufacturer of Aeyoubb, Syria both merchants declare hereby that we intend to do business in partnership as general merchants, together, at Parent and at Manouan, under the social name of "RICKARD & MIDLIGE" and that we are and have always been the only members of the said society, which dates from the fifteenth day of June in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and eleven. An we have signed the presents at Parent, on this Ninth day of April, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twelve.

Made in duplicate.

J.J. Rickard

Witness Chas P. McKenzie

Mrs Alex Midlige mark

The Rickard-Midlige contract, 1912. Annie signed with her mark.

> This Post [Kikendatch] is the best on the St. Maurice for fur trading, but opposition has been creeping near and nearer every year by way of the Gatineau in the shape of a woman, Mrs. Medlege, who has now opened a store two days trip from Kikendatch where she can please the Indians sight and demoralize their sense with cheap gaudy trash which is of no earthly value to them.

The reference to trash likely reflects the HBC assumption that its opponents sold poor quality goods. In this connection, Père Guinard gives a peek into Annie's possibly gaudy items when he meets the *vendeuse syrienne* on the upper Gatineau around 1905; Annie was selling "ribbons, ties, handkerchiefs and rings. Her trunks were overflowing with multi-coloured stock."

Of more concern, however, the Midlige store at Depot 2 could undersell Kikendatch Post in basic provisions such as flour and sugar.

But ironically, it was the HBC itself that undermined prospects for Kikendatch. By establishing an outpost at Depot 2 to oppose the Midliges, the HBC created a damaging situation of competition between its own posts. The Kikendatch Indians were permitted to see that the Company sold flour at only $6.50 a bag at Depot 2, compared to $10 at their home post.

This situation so threatened the Kikendatch Indian trade that it was deemed "in the best interests of the Fur Trade" to retreat deeper into the wilderness. The report advised relocating to a site called Obedjiwan about 60 miles further up the St. Maurice system. There was fret-

ting about costs, but by 1912, the HBC had a post up and running at Obedjiwan and its manager reported that about 25 Indian families had followed along.

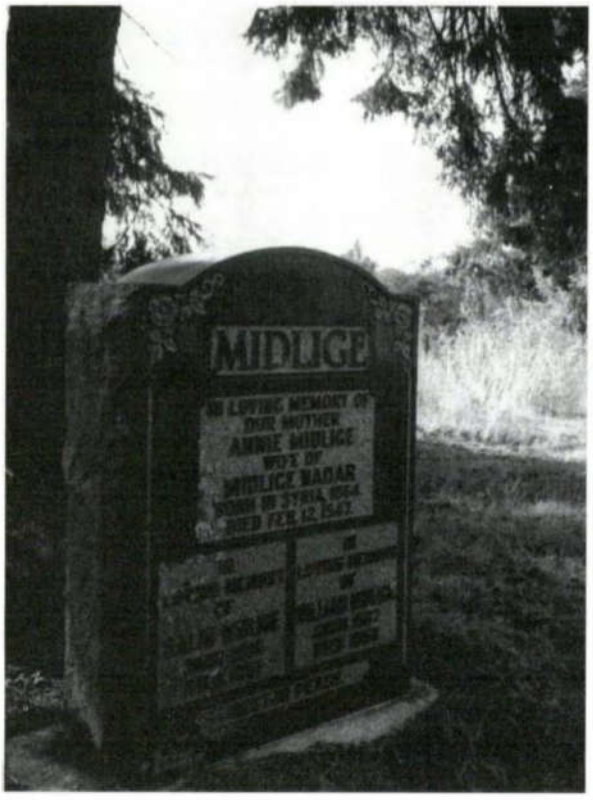
But Annie Midlige had the last laugh, because the move to evade her put the Indians within easy trading range of her eldest son. By 1912, John had a store and fur trade at Oskelaneo, a point along the NTR about 50 canoe miles south of Obedjiwan. While the ex-Kikendatch Indians had an HBC post in their midst, they regularly paddled down to John Midlige's for cheaper provisions.

Around this time, the whole Midlige family was staking out store locations along the stretch of track between the St. Maurice and the Abitibi.

Annie Midlige left Baskatong and opened a store in Parent, a sawmill town along the NTR about 35 miles east of Oskelaneo. Sons William and Salem helped their mother, while daughter Eva and her husband had a store farther east at Sanmaur, by the Weymontaching Attikamek reserve. West of Oskelaneo, John's partner Ben flew the Midlige & Edwardson banner with a branch store at Doucet.

"Now the Midlige gang were all along the C.N.R. line from Sanmaur to Doucet and were the first stores and settlers for over 150 miles doing business with Indians and white people," John wrote in his memoirs. "Everyone knew of the Midlige family."

Annie was almost 50 when she settled in Parent and a less strenuous life. However, she kept her profile as a fur trader, to judge from a 1928 post journal entry for Oskelaneo, where the HBC opened a store in 1926. Referring to Indians from the Attikamek village of Manowan who came to Oskelaneo to trade, the manager notes: "Had we not been established here, they would have gone to Parent and traded with Mrs. Midlige. She always got those Indians during the winter season."



A book on Parent, published on the occasion of a village reunion in 1992, names Annie as a pioneer settler. But the passage of time dims memories; a photograph identifies son William as her brother and misspells her name "Mildrage".

Annie had eight grandchildren by John and Jessie in Oskelaneo. Two of them now living in Montreal, Ben and Edna, recall images of aloofness and authority on visits to grandmother in Parent.

Verbal communication was impossible since the grandchildren did not speak Arabic. But Annie nonetheless communicated a strong personality that demanded obedience. She had a gesture of putting a hand, fingers bunched, to her forehead to show displeasure when children were rowdy at the dinner table. As punishment, she would ignore the offenders as if they didn't exist.

The grandchildren also recall seeing her sitting cross-legged on her old brass bed, rubbing cold cream on her face and reading the Arabic language *Bible*. And they remember how the house reeked of wintergreen; Annie suffered greatly from arthritis and rheumatism and rubbed large quantities of Polson's oil of wintergreen into her painful joints.

Her record-keeping was also memorable. Annie kept her books in scribbling on bits of cardboard, such as the back of oatmeal packages. When the tax man came by to check her books, she handed over an inscrutable bunch of numbers and Arabic writing that sent the man away.

Throughout her Canadian life, Annie's physical appearance was defined by her dark dresses, a beret drawn tightly over her head, and a big white handkerchief at hand to wipe her brow.

She never returned to visit her native Lebanon and expressed no desire to do so, in her grandchildren's recollection.

Annie died in 1947 at the age of 83. She is buried in the Protestant section of La Tuque cemetery under a great balsam tree, with all her children but John. Casual passers-by can only wonder at the identity and life lived by "our mother Annie Midlige, wife of Midlige Nadar. Born in Syria 1864. Died February 12, 1947." ◆

Peter Leney is a Montreal freelance writer.

OUR NATIONAL GAME?

By J.M. Bumsted

DIAMONDS OF THE NORTH: A Concise History of Baseball in Canada

By William Humber. Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1995. 238 pp., illus. $19.95.

NORTHERN SANDLOTS: A Social History of Maritime Baseball

By Colin D. Howell. Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1995. 285 pp., illus. $21.00.

Are you, dear reader, one who knows that in 1874 the Maple Leaf Base Ball Club of Guelph, Ontario, won the world semi-professional championship in Watertown, New York? Their uniforms featured a tunic with a maple leaf in the centre of a shield, and tartan stockings. The team they defeated, from Oneida, New York, was sponsored by the Ku Klux Klan.

If pressed into a corner, many Canadians would probably opine that baseball was an American sport relatively recently imported to Canada and given our harsh climate, never particularly popular at the grass-roots level. Most might associate baseball with contemporary professional teams in the bigger Canadian cities, others perhaps with Little League and Babe Ruth League at the juvenile level. Some oldtimers might recall the other professional teams in Toronto and Montreal, while a few might even remember playing pickup ball themselves in rural fields and urban lots during the summertime in days gone by. Baseball's history in Canada is far more than these sorts of associations and memories, however. Baseball is as Canadian a sport as hockey, and was once upon a time much more popular.

Our failure to understand our baseball heritage is chiefly a product of the current Canadian acceptance of American mythology about popular culture in North America, fuelled — as in most other areas of popular culture — by an almost total absence of an informed Canadian historical

perspective. Part of the American approach is to focus upon the professional game, particularly as played at the major league level. Since Canada did not acquire a major league team until 1968, it follows that we had little interesting baseball history before that date. This approach is the equivalent of recognizing no opera not performed at a few major American houses, or no theatre that did not advertise in bright lights on Broadway in New York. Once we overcome this obsession with the top professional level — it is not always necessarily "the best" — we can begin to appreciate the intrinsic interest of what was happening at the regional, local, and non-professional level. At the grass-roots, baseball was less an American game and more a game developed and played with equal enthusiasm on both sides of the border.

Thanks to these books by William Humber and Colin D. Howell, both published in 1995, Canadians no longer have any excuse for ignorance of their baseball heritage. The two books are as different as chalk and cheese. Humber's study is a general survey, based extensively on the extant secondary literature. Howell's work is much more scholarly and academic, regionally focussed and written in the currently-fashionable discourse of cultural studies that sees its subject as emblematic of many trends and themes of the society in which it has existed. Together these works tell us much about baseball in Canada.

Baseball developed in Canada from the same roots as it did in the United States and at about the same time in the 1830s and 1840s. There is probably not much point in claiming that Canada "invented" baseball as we know it. Such assertions are based more on "just so" creation myths than on firm evidence. The creation

myths are clung to by people who have trouble with the sort of simultaneous and incremental development that characterizes most aspects of popular culture. Canadians played some distinctive versions of the game, including an eleven-per-side variety, although by the 1870s the "New York" rules had pretty much carried the day, at least at the organized level. This victory led to a quite inaccurate perception of the game as an American product. By 1880 the academic and journalist Goldwin Smith could write, "What is the national game of Canada to be — Cricket, Lacrosse, or Base Ball? . . . Base Ball has now gained a strong hold upon this Continent, and all the circumstances are in its favour. It can be played through the spring, summer, and fall; it does not require much of a lawn; and what is a greater advantage still, it is quickly played, so that the game is commonly finished in an afternoon." Smith had some trouble with "the adoption of a Yankee game". His comments also remind us that hockey was not yet a major sport in Canada, chiefly because to flourish among spectators it required indoor facilities not yet available.

The Humber volume offers a useful overview of the subject. The author tries hard to provide national coverage, although regionally he is clearly more comfortable with the sources in Ontario. He examines women's baseball in the context of Saskatchewan, devotes a chapter to black baseball in Canada, and has a brief "postscript" on native ball added to the Maritime section. Quebec's love affair with baseball has its own chapter. An appendix lists 192 major league ballplayers from Canada, organized chronologically by the year of their appearance at major league level. None of the other modern hitters match up to Jeff Heath for career power credentials, while Ferguson Jenkins dominates the pitchers. The book is copiously illustrated, although Humber and Colin Howell need to get together on whether one early womens' team which has a photograph reproduced in both books is from New Brunswick or is the Chicago Blackstockings touring team of 1891.

New Brunswick ladies or Chicago Blackstockings?

Readers should not to be put off by the academic style of Howell's *Northern Sandlots*. Although some may find the cultural studies approach a bit difficult, there is behind it a hard core of useful regional detail — much of it dredged from old newspapers — that builds its own fascination. Oral interviews with aboriginal informants about the games they played, particularly the "old-fashioned" game that clearly owed its origin to folk memories of the earlier nineteenth century, are delightful. In part this book is about barriers. A major gulf existed between the mainstream of Maritime baseball and that played by native peoples, blacks, and females. Another major gulf was geographical. Howell insists that there was precious little baseball contact between the remainder of Canada and the Maritimes, especially after the Great War. Instead, the interactions went from north to south. Indeed, both he and Humber seem agreed, at least by implication, that Canadian baseball lacked any national infrastructure. If baseball never became Canada's "National Game", that was in part because it never escaped from its regional boxes. Thus it could never serve, as did the American Major Leagues, as a national unifier. There is an obviously circular relationship between national sports and nationality. As we wend our way toward yet another constitutional Armageddon in this country, this point is perhaps worth contemplating as another one of the places where past generations of Canadians went astray.

J.M. Bumsted is Director of the Institute for the Humanities, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Celebrating Struggle

By Carolyn Young

HER STORY II
Women from Canada's Past

By Susan E. Merritt. Vanwell Publishing, St. Catharines, Ont., 1995. 184 pp., illus. $14.95.

Her Story II follows on the success of its predecessor, *Her Story: Women from Canada's Past* (Vanwell 1993), to provide an excellent recovery of lives of Canadian women which have been lost, underestimated or ignored.

In both books, intended for young and adult readers, 16 biographies feature a lively recounting of each life and the respective era with a riveting introductory episode. Although the stories are extremely well-researched, the text avoids becoming academic and dry.

"I tried to keep my writing clear and direct. It takes a good grasp of the issues to reduce it to the essentials," says Merritt, who left a career in law to write.

Another reason for the success of Merritt's books can be attributed to the women who are profiled. In the first book, biographical sketches include Laura Secord, Emily Stowe, and Lucy Maud Montgomery. Less well known figures emerge through the mists of history also, such as the dashing "Musketeer in Petticoats," Marie Jacquelin de la Tour; or "High Society Sourdough" Martha Munger

The artist Pitseolak. From "Her Story II".

Black. One of the most touching stories features Thanadelthur, a First Nations woman of the Chipewyan tribe who struggled to bring peace between the Crees and Chipewyans at a great sacrifice to herself.

Likewise *Her Story II* provides the same evenhanded treatment and profiles the women and their accomplishments that are so often taken for granted. For example, Marie-Henriette Lejeune Ross, a midwife and healer, eased the suffering of others in extremely difficult circumstances when knowledge and medicine were minimal. In another biography, Catherine O'Hare Schuber, who was six months pregnant, made the truly incredible and grueling journey West on horseback with three small children.

"I immersed myself in each person's life while I wrote about her," comments Merritt. "Each life is a very moving story. ...When there was a happy ending, I was uplifted but the struggles should be celebrated too."

Merritt cites the suffragist movement: "It makes a wonderful human rights story and yet it barely gets more than a sentence or two in Canadian history books. People don't realize how difficult it was to make these changes. Over half the population could not vote. Women struggled very hard for that achievement."

Excellent photographs supplement the text and provide portraits and images of women performing backbreaking tasks. Finding the photographs and choosing them proved to be one of the major difficulties in creating the books. "I was responsible for all the illustrations and photographs which were extremely difficult to gather, but it was important to me because I've noticed how rare it is to see photographs of women in history books," Merritt says. "Many women had simply vanished into the fog," she adds. " I hope that I have been able to burn that fog away."

Merritt encourages anyone who is interested in further information on women's history to look up the home page provided on the Internet: http://www.niagara.com/~merrwill.

Carolyn Young is a freelance writer who lives in London, Ontario.

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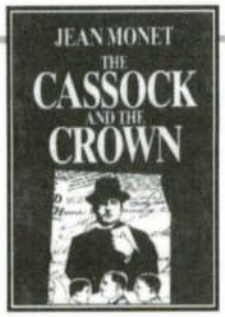
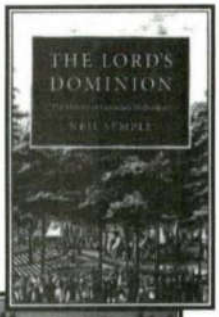
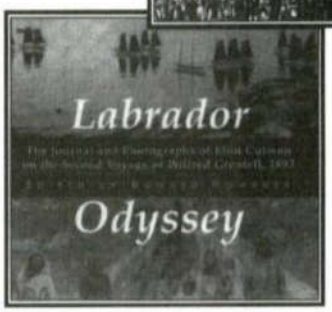
Spring Highlights 1996







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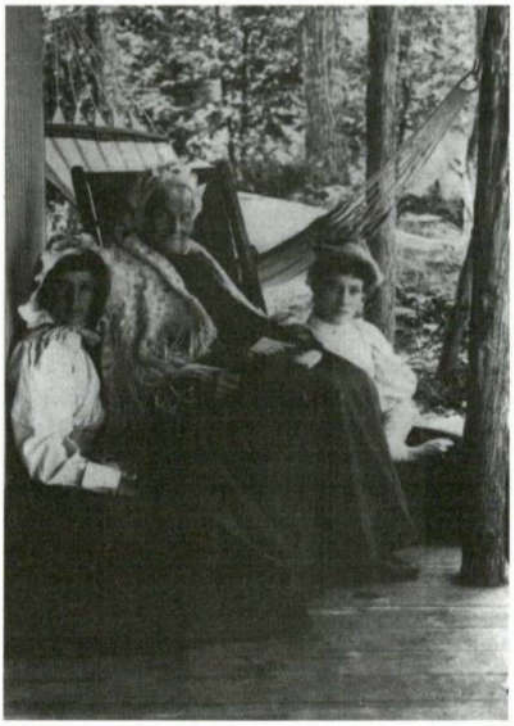
Catharine Parr Traill and granddaughters, Stoney Lake, Ontario, circa 1890.



Founding Father

By Harry W. Duckworth

JAMES McGILL OF MONTREAL

By Stanley Brice Frost. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 1995. 186 pp., illus. $44.95 hardcover; $15.95 paper.

James McGill's distinctive name is familiar to many Canadians for a special reason. An early arrival in Canada after the Conquest, he was a Scotsman who made his money in the fur trade, like so many of his countrymen. But unlike the others, as Stanley Brice Frost points out in his new biography, McGill left something tangible behind in Canada: under the terms of his will, a portion of his estate was used to endow what became McGill University.

Research on James McGill has been left almost entirely to scholars at his own University: Maysie S. MacSporran (an unpublished M.A. thesis), Dr. Frost himself (a chapter in his history of the University), and Professor John Irwin Cooper, whose biography of McGill for the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* appeared in 1983. Now Dr. Frost has published the first full-length biography, drawing on all this earlier work, besides other published material on post-Conquest Canada and the fur trade.

The materials available for a biography of James McGill are extensive for the last twenty years of his life, when he was a respected member of the Montreal community, taking his turn in different branches of public life. What business papers have been located come largely from this era. For the earlier period, approximately a quarter century after his arrival in Canada, the sources are scattered and very sparse. Yet that was the period when the course of McGill's life, and the extent of his eventual wealth, were determined. Dr. Frost follows Professor Cooper's biography here, and there is still plenty of room for more research.

McGill's first recorded fur trade adventure, in 1766, was as an agent for William Grant, soon to become one of the most influential anglophones in Canada. This was a good start, but McGill's real success must be traced to the partnership he soon formed with another fur trader, Isaac Todd. Although McGill was the junior partner, Dr. Frost is probably right that, by the late 1780s, his subject was largely running the firm of Todd and McGill himself. But Frost does seem to underestimate Isaac Todd. Distracted, perhaps, by anecdotes about Todd's early misfortunes in the fur trade, Frost does not really explain how important Todd was in restoring the trade beyond Grand Portage, after the hiatus caused by the war over Canada. Letters of Todd's from this period in the (unpublished) William Edgar papers, which Frost has not used, make it clear that Todd was quite well established in business when he took McGill in as a partner. McGill fully deserved the chance Todd gave him, of course. Their partnership was remarkable for its longevity, but also because its basis was not a family relationship, but rather mutual talent and earned respect.

There are various small slips and errors in Dr. Frost's account of the Montreal fur trade and some of its other figures. The statement that McGill's London supplier of manufactured goods in 1774 was Brickwood, Pattle and Company is incorrect — this firm did not exist until 1786, though it was the successor of John Strettell, the London merchant who supplied Todd and McGill from the beginning of their partnership. Elsewhere, Frost speaks as if Todd and McGill were continuously involved in the North West Company through the 1780s. The partnership actually withdrew completely from the North West trade after the Revolutionary War. They rejoined the North West Company in 1792, when shares were offered to certain Montreal firms in an attempt to buy off the competition. These

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points do not seriously detract, however, from a biography that is learned, well-written, and perceptive.

James McGill emerges from Dr. Frost's book as a man whose business acumen was balanced by a sense of public and private responsibility, and one who longed to see his name continue after him. He married as soon as he felt financially secure, yet never had any children of his own. There were plenty of children to worry about — two young sons from his wife's first marriage; the eight orphaned children of one of his friends; and sons and daughters of various colleagues, born on one side of the blanket or the other, for whom the McGills provided education and a home in Montreal. McGill did the best he could with what nature had granted him — his surviving step-son became his principal heir, and another potential heir was promised certain lands if only he would adopt the name of McGill for himself. In the end, however, it was the University that carried on his name, a gift to generations of other people's children.

Dr. Frost's biography, long overdue, may be read with enjoyment by professionals and amateurs alike, and is a worthy addition to the corpus of scholarship on the subject of McGill University's founding father.

Harry W. Duckworth, a scientist who is also an expert in the history of the Canadian fur trade, teaches at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

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Books Received

Recently published books on North American history include:

For the People: A History of St. Francis Xavier University. By James D. Cameron. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996. 551 pp., illus. $39.95

McGill Medicine: The First Half Century 1829-1885. By Joseph Hanaway and Richard Cruess. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996. 219 pp., illus. $45.

The Cassock and the Crown: Canada's Most Controversial Murder Trial. By Jean Monet. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996. 160 pp., illus. $34.95 hardcover; $15.95 paper.

The Yonge Street Story 1793-1860. By F.R. Berchem. Natural Heritage / Natural History Inc. 1996. 192 pp., illus. $19.95.

Intimate Relations: Family and Community in Planter, Nova Scotia, 1759-1800. Edited by Margaret Conrad. Acadiensis Press, 1996. 300 pp., illus. $21.95.

Forts of Canada. By Ann-Maureen Owens and Jane Yealland. Kids Can Press, 1996. 64pp., illus. $19.99 hardcover; $14.99 paper.

Faces of British Columbia: Looking at the Past 1860-1960. By Rosemary Neering and Joe Thompson. Whitecap Books, 1995. 166 pp., illus. $24.95.

The Glory of Ottawa: Canada's First Parliament Buildings. By Carolyn Young. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1995. 404 pp., illus. $34.95.

Invasion Without Tears. By Monty Berger and Brian Jeffrey Street. Random House of Canada, 1995. 240 pp., illus. $16.

The People: a Historical Guide to the First Nations of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. By Donald Ward. Fifth House Publishers, 1996. 128 pp., illus. $12.95.

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THE PACKET

Letters, Notes and Opinion

CLAXTON vs. THE KING — AN AFTERTHOUGHT TO 'OPERATION CANON'

by Hugh A. Halliday

Author's Note: The story of "Operation Canon" appeared in the April/May 1995 issue of The Beaver. Research, however, is a continuing affair, and the discovery of old files frequently sheds new light on events. Canada, of course, has had a changing attitude towards honours and awards. For years we accepted British awards, then virtually banned them from 1920 to 1933, saw them revived under R.B. Bennett, suppressed from 1935 to 1940 by the King government, then restored (minus knighthoods and titles) during the Second World War. Repeated suggestions to establish distinctive Canadian awards were ignored by all governments until 1967, when the Order of Canada was created. The manner in which honours were distributed after "Operation Canon" illustrates the difficulties of employing an overseas honours system; it also says something about two much respected individuals, Brooke Claxton and King George VI.

In the postwar years Canada did not revert to the situation that had prevailed throughout the 1920s — a policy of no awards for anyone. On the other hand, the granting of honours was severely restricted. As of mid-1946 the Army and Navy had been instructed not to participate in preparing Honours Lists; the RCAF was similarly advised in November 1946, following a request that sixteen officers and men be formally recognized for work in "Operation Muskox", a joint Army-Air Force exercise in the Canadian north. Consideration was given to a quota of honours being set aside for annual presentation. The Minister of National Defence did not concur. The Chiefs of Staff Committee, meeting on March 11th and 17th, 1947, finally hammered out a policy. The granting of periodic awards in peacetime would be suspended; this, however, would not preclude granting of awards such as the George Cross and Air Force Cross "for individual acts of outstanding merit." This was further refined to "specific acts of gallantry". Henceforth, it would not be enough to serve long and faithfully in routine duties; only recognizable acts of bravery would entitle Canadians to receive peacetime awards.

All gallantry awards were gifts of The King. This was no mere technicality; George VI took a keen interest in honours (one of the few areas where a constitutional monarch packed some clout) and exercised his prerogative to a considerable degree. The situation was shown following "Canon", a dramatic northern rescue attempt.

Late in September 1947 an Anglican missionary, Canon J.H. Turner, was reported to have been seriously injured in a hunting accident at Moffet Inlet, Baffin Island, 450 miles inside the Arctic Circle. Flight Lieutenant Robert C. Race piloted a Dakota aircraft to Moffet Inlet; on October 4th, in the face of low clouds and rugged terrain he located a frozen lake where he dropped four para-rescue soldiers led by Captain Lionel G. d'Artois, DSO. The group included a doctor, Captain Ross W. Willoughby, RCAMC and two radio operators.

Captain d'Artois was responsible for contacting Turner's mission, then moving his party and supplies to that site; he established communications with the outside world, selected a landing site for aircraft 23 miles from the mission, collected meteorological data, guided a rescue aircraft to the site (again piloted by Flight Lieutenant Race, who had also flown two re-supply sorties to the paratroopers), and transported the injured clergyman by dog sleigh. This entailed seven weeks of work in harsh weather, limited daylight and brutal topography. He travelled hundreds of miles back and forth as he performed these duties, sometimes over shifting ice; on one such trek he fell through thin ice but extricated himself. On the evacuation flight itself, Race touched down on ice untested except by ground parties and subsequently took off by the light of an improvised flare path. Canon Turner was evacuated to Winnipeg, 1,700 miles away, although he later succumbed to his injuries.

In July 1948, the following awards were announced for personnel engaged in "Operation Canon":

Captain L.G. d'Artois,
George Medal

Flight Lieutenant R.C. Race,
George Medal

Captain R. W. Willoughby,
Member, Order of the British Empire

Flying Officer C.C. McMillan,
Air Force Cross

Corporal James Paterson Rae,
Air Force Medal

Sergeant Howard C. Cook, RCCS
British Empire Medal

Flight Lieutenant B. Morabito,
King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air

Flying Officer K.O. Moore, King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air

Sergeant K.C. Swinford,
King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air

Sergeant W. W. Judd, RCCS, King's Commendation for Brave Conduct

Corporal L.D. Hawkins,
King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air

Race, d'Artois and Willoughby. Who gets the gongs?

This generous distribution of honours had been achieved only after protracted discussions and correspondence which had virtually pitted King George VI against his Canadian Minister of National Defence, Brooke Claxton. Initially, virtually every active service participant had been recommended for a gallantry award, including four Air Force Crosses and three British Empire Medals to RCAF personnel. The Army in particular doubted that approval would be given; the long established custom, followed throughout the war, had been that only a percentage of those participating in an operation would be formally recognized by decorations. As of December 1947 the eleven awards had been reduced to two George Medals for the senior Army and RCAF officers present (d'Artois and Race respectively); other personnel would receive Commendations.

The Minister of National Defence, Brooke Claxton, was not so ready to abandon the other participants and at his insistence eleven recommendations went to London for approval by the King. The Governor-General, Field Marshall Alexander, forwarded the documents, even though he, too, felt that the scale of awards was excessive.

The King was not prepared to sanction all nominations; he even suggested reducing the two George Medals to an Air Force Cross and an MBE (Member, Order of the British Empire). As of March 3rd, 1948, Claxton was prepared to see that happen, but a week later he had decided to lobby for the full package as originally sent to London - decorations for all including two George Medals. He was particularly forceful in pressing for the two George Medals, arguing that Buckingham Palace was demanding George Cross standards when the achievements of Race and d'Artois deserved better than AFC/MBE recognition.

When Field Marshall Alexander visited London in May 1948 he discussed the matter with the King, whose views were later summarized:

> The King pointed out that such procedure was without precedent. His Majesty further drew attention to the fact that he was called upon in...the role of referee to maintain a balance and standard regarding decorations which were awarded to all parts of the Commonwealth.
>
> A lavish distribution in one Dominion would certainly be attended by an equally insistent demand from others for similar treatment. To refuse one while granting the others would place him in a difficult and possible embarrassing situation.

The King, however, was prepared to offer a compromise — six decorations (including two George Medals) and five Commendations. Canadians themselves would have to sort out who got what among the lesser awards. Canadian officers at Government House advised the minister that this was an excellent proposal, gaining more decorations than they had expected to secure. Major-General Harry Letson (Secretary to the Governor-General) was particu-

larly pleased. A former Adjutant-General of the Canadian Army, he was a vigorous advocate for national honours and awards distinct from those of Britain; this opportunity to wring the maximum number of decorations from the Imperial system delighted him.

Claxton reluctantly agreed on June 29th, 1948; he particularly did not wish to embarrass the monarch. Of three candidates for an AFC he selected Flying Officer Macmillan; as navigator his duties were more onerous and crucial to the safety of all concerned; of three AFM nominees he selected Corporal Rae, an particularly ingenious and industrious tradesman who had started engines in the most difficult situations; however, the Minister had favoured Rae chiefly because the citation recommending him had been the most effusive in its praise.

The incident reflects favourably on all concerned. All gallantry awards were gifts of The King. This was no mere technicality; George VI took a keen interest in honours (one of the few areas where a constitutional monarch packed some clout) and exercised his prerogative to a considerable degree. The monarch was genuinely concerned that a lavish distribution of decorations might, in the long run, debase the value of the awards — much as what happened in 1994 when Canada's Medal of Bravery was distributed to more than 180 rescue workers at the Westray Mine. He also took his job seriously as arbiter of a global (as opposed to a purely national) system of awards.

Claxton, too, shows up well in these events. He had assumed the Defence portfolio in 1947; one of his major concerns was the welfare and morale of Canadian servicemen. It was under Claxton that a virtual revolution occurred in education, housing, and pay for military personnel and their families. Isabel Campbell, a historian with the Department of National Defence and currently preparing a doctoral dissertation touching on DND relations between ministers and Chiefs of Staff in the early 1950s, concludes that Claxton often demonstrated more concern for "the troops" than the Chief of Staff of the day, Lieutenant-General Guy Simonds, who would have been expected to look out for the interests of those he commanded, from officers down to the lowest ranks. The "Canon" incident predates her field of study but it shows Claxton's views early in his term as Minister of National Defence.

Canon Turner Recalled

Arctic memories are long, as demonstrated by the following incident.

I sent a copy of Hugh Halliday's fascinating article, "Rescue Mission" [*The Beaver* April/May 1995] to friends, Blake and Ann Seward, who are teachers at Arctic Bay. After reading it, Blake took his Grade IX class out on the land for their annual spring trip to Moffet Inlet, the area of the rescue of Canon Turner. Blake's description of their trip, which he hopes readers will find of interest, follows.

Gwyneth Hoyle,
Peterborough, Ontario.

We departed Arctic Bay in the early morning of 17 May 1995, headed south down Admirality Inlet on the north end of Baffin Island. Our destination was the fishing lakes at Ikpikituarjuk in Moffet Inlet, approximately 150 kilometers outside Arctic Bay. We were traveling to Ikpikituarjuk as part of a Grade 9 class field trip to conduct some science experiments on acid rain. Joining us were three Nunavut Teacher Education Program (NTEP) graduates and their instructor.

For the most part it was a smooth snowmobile ride on the sea ice following the contours of the land. It was cold (-20°C) and therefore essential to stop every hour to warm up by playing a game of soccer and drinking hot tea.

At one tea break our guides, Olayuk and Martha Naqitarvik, stopped at the former mission site of Canon John H. Turner. A circle of rocks outlined where the mission, approximately 12 x 14, once stood. Scattered here and there were bits of wire, old wooden spools for thread, and pieces of plates and pottery. Further down the beach, approximately 50 meters from the mission building, is a small shack. The shack was made from wooden pilot biscuit containers that were torn apart and nailed to a frame of two-by-four studs. According to Olayuk, this building was used to store animal fat for fires and to feed dogs. Examining the shack revealed that it was well built and still solid.

Standing around the circle of rocks our guides told stories from their childhood when Canon Turner and his family lived here. When families travelled through or hunted in the area they would stop here for tea, news, and visits. Olayuk spoke of the great respect families had for Canon Turner as a hunter and messenger of God.

After Canon Turner's accident in September 1947, the mission and the remaining contents left by the family were burned upon request of his family. According to Martha, no one understood why but out of respect for the family, the wish was carried out.

After a prayer for those that once lived here, Olayuk told us that we must move on if we were to reach the fishing lakes at Ikpikituarjuk in the next hour. As we turned toward the sea ice, we spotted a dozen caribou, confirming that this is still an excellent area for hunting and fishing.

A. Blake Seward.

Lind's Legacy

I read with interest "A Surgeon on the Bay" [*The Beaver*, August/September 1995]. Perhaps I could add a little to the information on disease and in particular scurvy in the eighteenth century and confirm the forward thinking of surgeon Thomas Hutchins for HBC.

In 1747 Dr. James Lind, "the father of nautical medicine" conducted the first clinical dietetic experiment on record to confirm that fresh fruit and vegetables cured scurvy and were equally good preventives.

The results of these experiments, conducted on HMS *Salisbury*, were published in his *Treatise of the Scurvy* in 1753. A further three editions were published in his lifetime. It might be argued that those likely to be affected by this condition should have made themselves aware of the treatise, but distance and communications were the enemy. Lind in fact organized a regular supply of green vegetables for Admiral Hawke's fleet at the blockade of Brest in 1759, the Year of Victories and a vital strategy in the conquest of Canada. After that the purchase of vegetables was sanctioned for the fleet, but the practice seems to have died during the War of American Independance.

Lind notes in his treatise of 1753:

> The northern colonies in American were extremely subject to this disease (scurvy). The French especially upon their first planting Canada and New France suffered so much by the mortality that it occasioned in the winter season, that they had often thoughts of abandoning their settlements; even the natives were not exempt from the ravages of this cruel evil. One would be apt to ascribe this to the many hardships and inconveniences infant colonies are necessarily exposed to, were it not that we see many people wintering yearly in Newfoundland...For almost eight months of the year they are destitute of fresh vegetables and live entirely upon salt and dried fish, coarse bread and much worse fare than ships provisions. Not withstanding which they keep pretty free from the scurvy. And this is ascribed to their common drink, which is spruce beer.

That the cure for scurvy was subsequently neglected is confirmed by the naval historian C.C. Lloyd in his paper, "Victualling the fleet in the eighteenth century." Here he states: "The appalling health record of the war (for the American colonies) is shown by the fact that when the number of seamen reached 100,000 for the first time in 1782 there was a sick list of 23,000. One can almost argue that the American colonies were lost because of the incidence of scurvy."

George Vancouver, a protegé of Captain Cook, got it right. In the last great circumnavigation of the eighteenth century, which took five years and surveyed the unknown western shores of America, Canada and Alaska, he achieved a remarkable health record. On his return he had lost but five lives, just one from disease.

Thomas Hutchins was indeed a knowledgeable surgeon and physician for the HBC and must have had a hand in saving many lives.

Michael J. Northeast,
Hayling Island, Hampshire,
England.

James Lind

The Passage

In J. Lewis Robinson's article "Last Voyages Of The St. Roch" [*The Beaver*, December/January], there is a serious historical error in fact. After describing St. Roch's futile attempt to penetrate Prince Of Wales Strait in 1947 he writes "It was to be another 22 years before another ship traversed Prince of Wales Strait. In 1969 the huge U.S. tanker and icebreaker *Manhatten* used this route with few ice problems, when making its east-to-west Northwest Passage trip." This is not true. The R.C.N. icebreaker *Labrador* traversed Prince of Wales Strait in 1954, seven years after *St. Roch's* failure in 1947 and 15 years before the *Manhatten* traverse in 1969, becoming the first large ship to conquer the passage and the first ship to circumnavigate North America in one trip.

George W. Smith,
R.C.N.C. (Retired),
Aylesford, Nova Scotia.

A Challenge

I have been reading and enjoying *The Beaver* for many years. In that time I have often shared the magazine with friends and lent it to my students. I know there is a great deal of interest in Canadian history out there. However, when I look at what is happening in the schools of Ontario, I feel very concerned. Not only is there a tendency to down-grade history as a subject, but what is taught is often thin and insipid stuff, and the manner in which it is taught downright boring. For example, I know a very bright grade seven student, doing French immersion classes and only now "studying" history. His teacher hands the class "sheets" and expects them to learn history by answering a series of routine questions from the meagre information they are given. When I had a teacher who used this method, many years ago, I found it so deadly that I nearly failed history.

Perhaps you have already heard plenty of this sort of complaint. What I am really writing about is to make some suggestions. I am also an avid reader of the *Canadian Geographic* and I notice that the Royal Canadian Geographical Society sponsors scholarships for students doing quite wonderful geography projects. The Society also sponsors seminars for teachers on geography-teaching. I wonder whether you people at *The Beaver* and Canada's National History Society could find some way to do something similar for Canadian history, a sort of outreach project for Canadian schools. We are constantly being told by the media that Canadian history is boring, yet I am just as constantly discovering people who are curious about it and quite fascinated by it whenever it is presented in a manner which grabs their imaginations and brings their history close to them. I suppose that I am sending you a challenge. I hope you are able to respond to it.

Elizabeth Toop,
Toledo, Ontario.

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of the
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Camel Facts

I enjoyed the February/March issue of *The Beaver* more than usual and felt I should give a report.

I wondered why mother, who grew up in Ottawa, never talked about the fire, but checking dates I realized that she had left for B.C. before the great disaster. I appreciate the story now. It would seem that everybody involved learned something from that extraordinary fire.

Then "From War to Peace." I will look for that book. That war did a lot for me, but for some it was much different. I thought a better title would be "From War to Change."

The most interesting article for me was "Camels." I have come across mention of those animals several times, but that was all, just a mention that they were there and were used. Your writer, Trudy Mitic, has told the whole story: How and why they got there; their health in this strange country; what they ate or didn't eat. Their misery comes through to the reader. What did those men know about camels, how to feed them; how to load them? For the first time I get the picture.

That "camel" period is B.C. history and finally a writer has ploughed the records and given us the actual story. I had never heard of their short period in Victoria and I try to imagine the scenes Mitic describes. Best regards and I look forward to more down-to-earth stories of B.C.

A.W. Babb,
Victoria, British Columbia.

The Music of History

James Gordon thinks the band called Tamarack, in which he plays with Alex Sinclair and Molly Kurvink, has some of the same qualities as the tamarack itself, which he defines as a scruffy but rot-resistant and rather valuable little tree. For sixteen years (and eleven albums so far), Gordon and his Tamarack partners have been singing Canada's history back to it. If they have an angle, it's that they don't discover old folk songs, they write them. In the process, they have crafted a special way of exploring what history means to Canadians.

"We write the songs that were written and got lost — or never got written at all!" explains Gordon. Touring constantly around the country, often doing small concerts in small towns, Gordon and Sinclair delve into local museums and collect local histories wherever they go. "James and I like the local aspects of history," says Sinclair, "the small stories that spin out of the community itself." They quiz their audiences about the local stories, and they encourage suggestions wherever they go. Out of those materials they compose new songs about old times. With every performance of the songs inspiring more stories and more sources, this hardworking little folk group has become a unique pipeline to rich and diverse histories and the people who preserve them.

When he helped form Tamarack in Guelph, Ontario, in 1980, Gordon was a veteran of playing traditional music with "old fiddlers, step-dancers, button accordion players". Sinclair, born in Alberta and raised in Ontario, joined Tamarack in 1985 with an interest in history nourished by parents always involved with "the things people do and the way communities grow and connect". (Third members of Tamarack have tended to come and go; Molly Kurvink is a recent recruit.) Tamarack began by recording traditional songs collected in the usual way, but Gordon and Sinclair gradually found their own songwriting evolving away from what Gordon calls "fake Bob Dylan" toward historical themes. Composing a cycle of songs about the Rideau Canal in 1989 encouraged them to concentrate on writing their own "historical" songs. Commissions for similar work followed. Gordon now does a regular stint, *Hometown Tunes*, on the CBC's Ontario radio network, where he challenges listeners to suggest local subjects for which he will compose songs. Sinclair, meanwhile, composes satirical songs for the national radio program *The House*.

"I think we are offering people a place in their own identity, a sense of themselves and their communities."

There are scores of traditional songs still worth singing, of course. (I was working up this column when news came of the death of the great folklorist Edith Fowke, who preserved so much of the repertoire that is now traditional.) Many modern songwriters have also been inspired by Canadian history. Sinclair cites Oscar Brand, Stan Rogers and Ian Tyson as just a few notable examples, and other bands have explored local histories. But Tamarack made the original/historical song a specialty and took it everywhere, finding song subjects from the Alaska Highway to Atlantic Canada and B.C. to Baffin Island. In the process, Gordon and Sinclair have decided there is a song — and a history — in every community in the country. Gordon recalls a woman who, just in passing, "as if every town had one", mentioned "Icebreaking Day" in Tobermory, Ontario. Now the song Gordon wrote is part of the annual festivities when the Tobermory fishing fleet gets tired of waiting and sallies out to smash up the last of the ice blocking the harbour.

For his part, Sinclair remembers a day at a native school in Lytton, B.C., where the kids insisted nothing ever happened locally. Yet the things the kids found routine, like spearing salmon out of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, struck Sinclair as exotic and special. That day they worked up several songs, and the one called *A River Runs Through Lytton* is included on Tamarack's newest album. "I love seeing kids wake up to the fact that they live in an interesting place and that their parents or grandparents did amazing things," says Sinclair. "And we tour so much that

whenever we can play a song with local connections, it can trigger a lot more stories." When a Tamarack concert ends, the singers are frequently enveloped by audience members who have been connected by a Tamarack song to something their grandfather did or their aunt used to talk about.

That discovery is also a source of real music, the performers insist. James Gordon stresses he still sees himself first as an entertainer and musician. He loves history, but it is the performance that matters, and he cheerfully admits to crafting historical songs that "grab an audience" with a poignant or personal image. Every Tamarack song, he jokes, seems to need a dead pioneer. Indeed the repertoire is studded with mourning widows, burned-out towns and sunken ships. But other songs are lighthearted or rousing and even the laments have grown more nuanced, as in *Magdelan McGillivray*, about the "official" wife of one of those furtraders whose real family was a Metis one in the far northwest. In recent years, the third Tamarack members have always been women, who have extended the range of both their songs and their performances.

Tamarack's project certainly passes for "real music" on the folk circuits. A who's who of the Ontario folk scene can be found in their album credits. *Harvest Train,* a Maritimer's lament for her man gone on the railway to the Saskatchewan harvest, has been picked up by other singers in both the Maritimes and the Prairies. And it did not hurt to have the Cowboy Junkies hit international stardom with two Tamarack alumni in their lineup and a Tamarack song, *Mining for Gold,* in their repertoire. Gordon has since heard that song, which he wrote, being presented at a folk festival as a traditional ballad.

Today Tamarack performs frequently on the American folk circuit, and even its most local material often crosses the border successfully. Songs of Moraviantown, Ontario, and the Moravian missions of Labrador were welcomed in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which has its own old but fading links to the Moravian brethren. But Sinclair thinks Tamarack also benefits by offering a distinctive Canadian style that the American folk scene lacks. "The Americans seem to have a lot of solo singer-songwriters writing about personal issues," Sinclair points out. "Here in Canada we may have more third-person material in our songs, and that form has been really well received in the States." *Frobisher Bay,* the *a cappella* plaint of an ice-bound whaling crew, has been recognized by audiences as far afield as Seattle and Boston.

"We used to use that old line, if you think Canadian history is boring, our stuff will persuade you otherwise," says Alex Sinclair. "But we have given it up." Their audiences have taught them that many Canadians don't consider their history boring at all, but are hungry to find more of it reflected in, among other things, the music they hear. Sinclair, who spends more time moving about the country than almost any historian ever could, continues to be impressed at the way every community that Tamarack visits seems to have one bookshop or outlet with a local history section and books you never see anywhere else. "Those books of local history — they sell! There is an audience."

Sinclair's Toronto apartment is piled high with his own collections from those shops. The song *Saturday Night in Bienfait,* about Prohibition rum-runners in Saskatchewan, was inspired by a story in James Gray's book *Booze*, and published local histories turn up amid the credits on several Tamarack albums. Even this column has become a source for their songwriting. Several years ago, when Tamarack was commissioned by the Elora Festival to produce a song cycle about Ontario's Grand River, Sinclair remembered something about the riverside town of Paris, Ontario, in *The Beaver* ("I've been reading *The Beaver* for years.") That turned out to be my profile of Joy Parr [June/July 1991], which guided him to her book *The Gender of*

Edith Fowke:
A long career ends.

Breadwinners. Parr's exploration of "ordinary" lives was just the kind of thing Sinclair wanted. "How much I loved that book", he recalls, and Parr's scholarly study is now duly credited on two Tamarack albums as the source for *Lancashire Lasses,* about the female millworkers of Paris, and *Till the Stopwatch is Gone*, about the craftsmen in Hanover's furniture factories.

Without a megahit or MuchMusic airplay, Tamarack and its historico-musical endeavours have gradually evolved into a steady career for the band members. They intend to release a cycle of Muskoka songs in Ontario's cottage country soon. With the help of archivist Hugh McMillan, they are working up some North-West Company fur trade material and Gordon wonders if *Beaver* readers might have suggestions). They have done some television, and Sinclair speculates about one day creating a combined book (for the stories) and the CD (for the music) for some of their favourite histories-in-music.

Mostly, however, Tamarack is a hardworking folk band, travelling, performing, supporting the new album. "Going to tour most of the year," said Sinclair simply when I asked about their plans. When I first spoke to them, the band had just returned from a month touring B.C., Alberta and Montana. A week later, they had just returned from a quick set of concerts in Northern Ontario. In Wawa they had played *Leaving Inverarden*, a song of the old fur trader McDonald of Garth, retired to his home in Glengarry, Ontario, but dreaming of the north-west: "When I die I'm leaving Inverarden, / See if I don't go back there."

Leaving Inverarden, with its rousing refrain and strong three-voice harmonics, sticks easily in the memory and Tamarack has made it the title of their newest album. But what had Gordon talking about it was a not-so-rare Tamarack experience. Out of the audience in Wawa had come a proud great-great-granddaughter of the same McDonald of Garth, who wanted the singers to know they were not the only people who remembered her famous ancestor.

Sinclair and Gordon seem grateful and still a bit surprised that good music about Canadians and their history has become good steady work for them. But they are no longer surprised at all to find audiences with a powerful interest in the music of history, particularly the history that speaks to the local and the personal. "I think we are offering people a place in their own identity," says James Gordon, "a sense of themselves and their communities."

Leaving Inverarden* was released on Folk Era Records in January 1996. It and other Tamarack albums should be available in the folk section of good record stores. Tamarack welcomes song subject suggestions and other inquiries: *Tamarack, SGB Productions, PO Box 714, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 6L3.

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THE SOCIETY

Cap-aux-Diamants

The Board of the Society recently approved a three-year agreement with **Cap-aux-Diamants**, la revue d'histoire du Québec, based in Québec City. The magazine is the closest counterpart in French Canada to the Society's publication **The Beaver**.

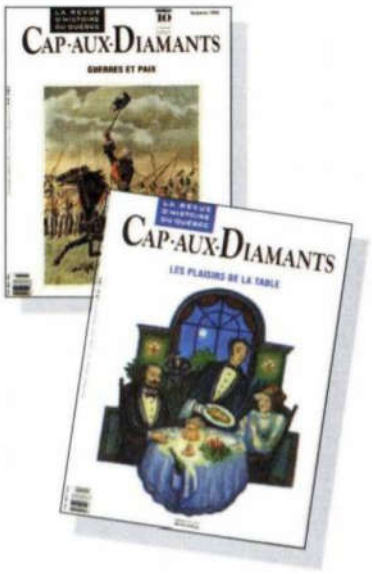
Cap-aux-Diamants was founded in 1985 for a general audience interested in history. While it initially focused on the history of Québec City, its field of interest has since been expanded to the entire Province of Québec and, on occasion, to Francophones throughout the country. The magazine has won many awards for excellence and, although best known in Québec, it has been available on the national market for several years.

In addition to subscription and advertising revenue, the quarterly magazine receives operating support from Laval University and the City and Province of Québec. Society resources will be used to help **Cap-aux-Diamants** in a variety of ways, initially to upgrade its computers, to provide marketing research and to help finance appeals to obtain new subscribers. By doing so, the Society will be reinforcing a successful popular history publication by putting it on a sound technological basis and introducing it to a wider Canadian audience. The association will also achieve a profile for the Society in the Province of Québec.

The support of **Cap-aux-Diamants** is one of many initiatives the Society has taken to reach French-speaking Canadians. Others include the Society's web site, which is available in French and English, and its national awards program to recognize excellence in teaching Canadian history, a fully bilingual project.

Awards Patron

His Excellency, the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, P.C.,C.C.,C.M.M.,C.D., Governor General of Canada, has accepted the Society's invitation to become patron of its



national awards program to recognize excellence in teaching Canadian history.

This annual program, introduced earlier this year, was open to all teachers in grade 1-12 who teach history or a history component of another course. Nominations closed May 3 for the 1996 competition. Twelve finalists will be selected and flown to the site of the Awards Banquet and Ceremony where a grand finalist will be announced.

You are invited to visit the Society's Web Site at http://www.cyberspc.mb.ca/~otmw/cnhs/cnhs.html

Stay Tuned

In mid-April, the Society filed a submission with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) in support of a Canadian history channel.

The History and Entertainment Network and Netstar had submitted applications to operate such a channel, to begin in 1997, and were among the 40 received by the CRTC for licenses to provide new specialty and pay television services. The History and Entertainment Network is a creation of Alliance Communications Corporation and the CTV Television Network; it is also a sister channel of Showcase Television. Netstar, is a partnership between Labatt Communications Inc and the A&E Television Networks, which owns the U.S. History Channel.

In addition to making a case for the value of such a channel, the Society recommended a number of criteria to help in assessing the history channel applications, particularly in the areas of Canadian programming, Canadian content and the percentage of such material to be aired in prime time. Canadian historical programming, stated the Society, must have strong viewer appeal and high production values in order to attract and hold an audience and compare favourably with imported programs. In the area of imported programs, the Society recommended a limit on the amount of foreign historical programs from any one country in order to prevent domination from any one international source on the Canadian channel. The Society also gave its thoughts on what would and would not qualify as Canadian programming for a history channel. It felt that criteria should be established that is different from that currently defining Canadian content for conventional or other specialty channels because, in this case, it is the country's history that is involved and it warrants different measures. For instance, the film biography of Henry Ford, by Canada's Donald Brittain, would qualify as Canadian content for the CBC, but should not qualify for a history channel: the subject is American history.

Public hearings on the applications began May 6 in Ottawa. It is expected the CRTC will not release its decisions until fall.

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